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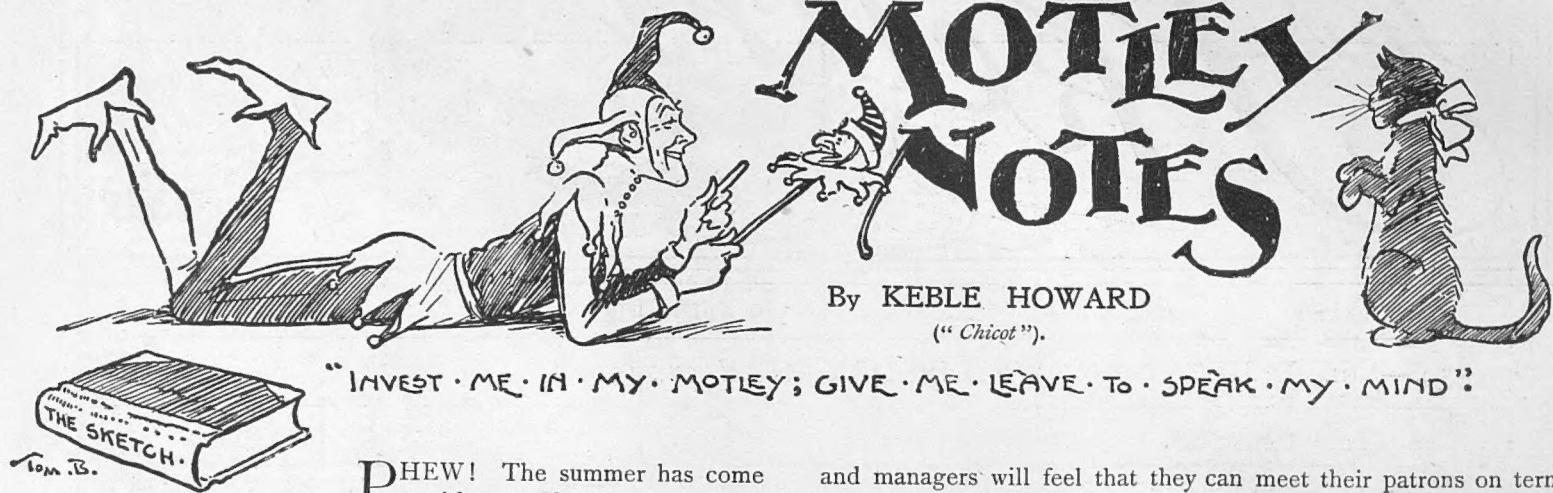
SIXPENCE.



[Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.]

"MY WORD, I CAN WEAR MY SUMMER HAT AT LAST!"

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. DAN LENO.



PHEW! The summer has come with a rush, and everybody one meets is proportionately peevish. Of course, they all take good care to remark that it is lovely weather ; they feel that it would be too ridiculous to grumble at the heat when, for months and months, they have been expressing themselves in round terms about the cold. For all that, one can easily perceive that it is the sudden rise in temperature that has upset their equanimity, and the philosopher, patiently plodding along in the shade, finds food for gentle mirth in the irritability of his neighbour. He realises, joyfully, that his excited acquaintance is very much hotter than he need be ; he knows that Mr. Brodrick is merely a convenient victim for the lashes of liverish curmudgeons. Even the philosopher, if he happens to catch the toe of his boot against some uneven flagstone, may be heard to speak unkindly of the London County Council. But then he laughs at himself the next moment, and so grows cool again. The habitually peevish man, on the other hand, sees nothing humorous in his own peevishness. He drags at his collar, fumbles with his hat, wrenches open his waistcoat. Nothing, I suppose, shows up the character of a man so quickly and surely as a thorough-going heat-wave.

Talking of Mr. Brodrick, I wonder whether other people get as tired as I do of reading about politics and politicians ? I suppose no class of men grow so weary of Parliamentary matters as do journalists, and yet the greater part of every daily paper in London is devoted to the hackneyed subject of politics. The fault, of course, lies with the editors, who are so convinced that the public is an ass that they go on giving it stuff that they themselves loathe with a bitter loathing. One might as well presume that the chief topic of conversation in a Club is the work done in the Committee-room. So it is in some Clubs, but only when the Committee is not competent to perform its duties. Our House of Commons, however, is a very good Committee, and might surely be allowed to do its work without so many interruptions from without. If only editors would give a little more space to the investigations of science, works of art, music, literature, and the like, I feel convinced that we should be a happier and a more civilised nation. But editors will not do that. They stick to their old programme of Balfour and Chamberlain, and Brodrick and Campbell-Bannerman, and all the other people, until one sickens, sometimes, at the very sight of the names. . . . However, don't let's be peevish.

The self-important young gentlemen who occupy the front row of the gallery on the occasion of a first-night have cultivated a vicious desire for excitement that is rapidly becoming a nuisance. Once upon a time, they were content to jeer at the author ; but authors, after all, are such harmless creatures that the sport soon grew tame. Not to be deprived of their fun, therefore, they began to bait actors-managers, and this course proved so successful that the thing has now developed into a habit. Within the last fortnight, they have hooted at Sir Charles Wyndham in Wyndham's Theatre and shouted down Mr. Beerbohm Tree in His Majesty's. It would be impossible to estimate, of course, how much pleasure each of these gentlemen has afforded to playgoers all over the country, but the "gallery-boy" is too selfish to think of that. He has the idea fixed in his mind that a first-night is not complete without a sensation of some sort, and if the play is not an exceptionally fine one he does his best to make theatrical history for himself. The only solution of the difficulty is for other managers to follow the lead of Mr. Frank Curzon and do away with the gallery altogether. When that has been accomplished, ladies will be able to attend first-nights without fear of a disturbance,

By KEBBLE HOWARD

(*"Chicot"*).

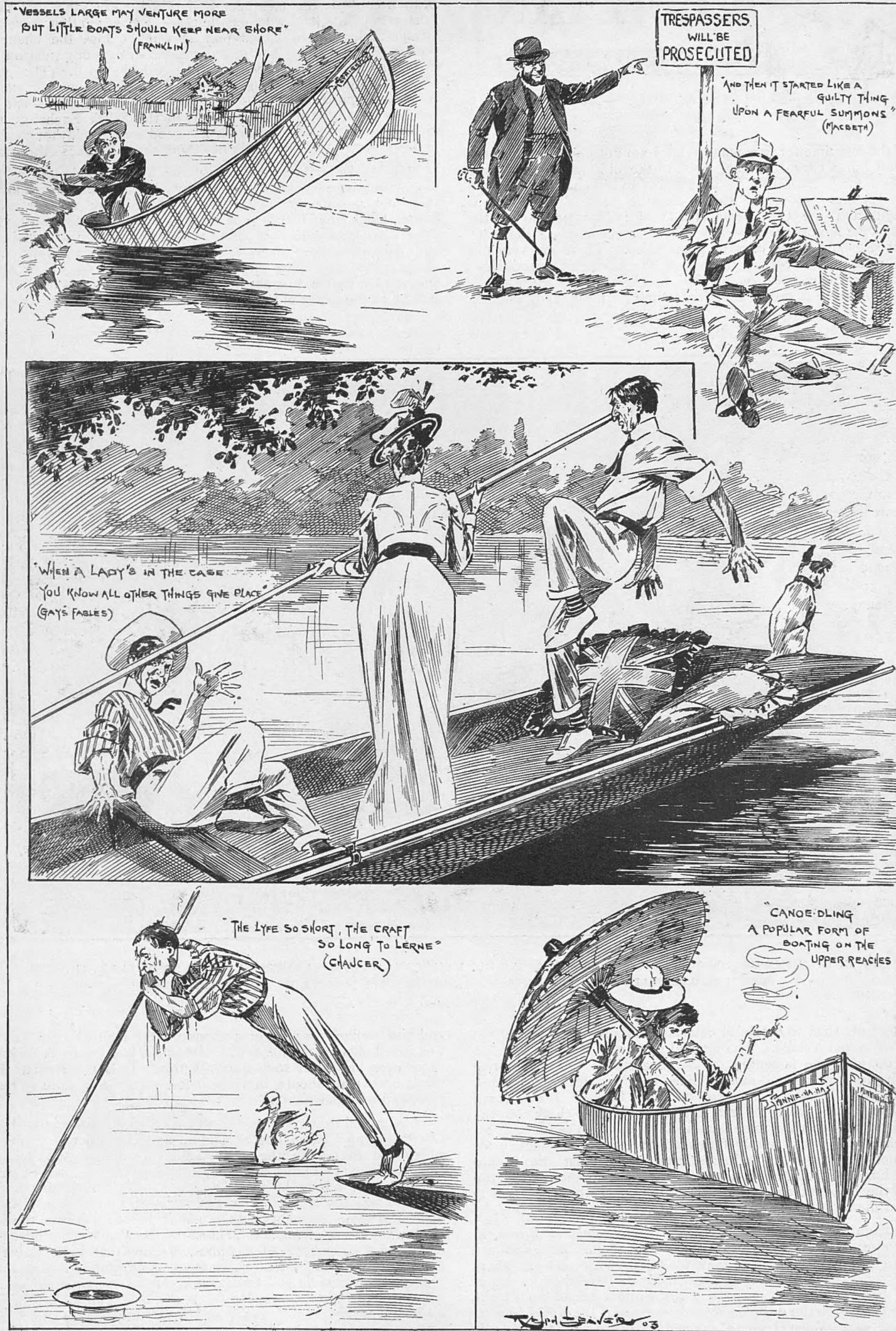
"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND"

and managers will feel that they can meet their patrons on terms of confidence and friendship.

The sandwich-board as a medium for advertisers has undoubtedly advantages, but the system, as at present in force, is very far from perfect. Far be it from me to hurt the feelings of any of my readers who may happen to be sandwich-men, but I think it would be generally admitted that the average sandwich-man is hardly a credit to his profession. He seems to take it for granted that he is almost at the bottom of Society's ladder, and to have abandoned, in consequence, any attempt at smartness or professional pride. Such a state of things is the more deplorable for the reason that the sandwich-man really occupies a very prominent as well as a very influential position. Instead of the shabby, depressed-looking gentlemen who prowl along the gutter in every attitude of self-abasement, I should like to see a line of smartly dressed, bright-eyed young fellows who would show that they recognised their importance and meant to exact due deference from the passers-by. So much gained, I should require them to perform evolutions. How effective it would be, for instance, if the long line suddenly came to a halt, turned round three times, and then moved off again down the street. Their services would immediately be trebled in value.

Those of us who live in constant dread of burglars will take little comfort from the article that appeared in the *Daily Mail* of last Friday, entitled "The Beginning of the Burglary Season." Not the least alarming thing was the illustration, showing a gentleman of stylish appearance whose frock-coat had been lavishly lined with every conceivable instrument for breaking into houses. Before gazing on that picture, one would never have imagined that a mere frock-coat could look so diabolical. To make matters worse, the gentleman himself had a face so childishly innocent, so incomparably lamb-like, that the 'cutest London slavey would be excused for taking him into her confidence with regard to the whereabouts of the plate and jewels. For the future, I shall be doubly suspicious of men with frock-coats and nice faces. When I meet them in the street, I shall give them a very wide berth ; if I am brought into contact with them in a crowd—horrible thought !—I shall pinch and prod them until I have convinced myself that they are not possessed of a jemmy, brace-and-bit, saw, files, auger, candle, glass-cutter, or skeleton-keys. It is rather hard on the poor burglar, by the way, that the greater part of his work has to be done during the month of August. A frock-coat with burglarious fittings must be more than a little trying in hot weather.

But a truce to this talk of burglars and skeleton-keys, for the night has grown old since I have been writing, and the streets are well-nigh deserted. I have wheeled my table over to the window, for from here I can see my dear old Father Thames, the best companion in the world. No matter what my mood, the river responds to it as surely as a woman responds to the humour of the man she loves. Am I sad ? He runs slowly and his familiar face is dark with sorrow. Am I merry ? His ripples laugh back at me and his face shines with the reflection of a hundred lights. The gnats of Society may buzz and dart in the neighbourhood of Park Lane ; the wealthy may rush through the countryside on motors ; the yachtsmen may go down to the sea in ships. For me, this slice of London, with the gardens in the foreground, the river beyond, and an indistinct mass of houses in the background, is the sweetest view in the world. . . . It is cooler now, and even the river has gone to sleep. I will follow his example.



THE FIRST DAY OF THE BOATING SEASON.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



The Road to Epsom—The "Curse of Bridge"—More "Ragging" Scandals.

FOR the first time for very many years I am not going down to the Derby on a coach. I have held to the old custom of driving down for years, simply because it was an old custom; but even old staggers cannot keep up the illusion that the "fun of the road" is still extant, and the Club tents, the new railway-station on the Downs, and the motors are gradually driving the coaches off the roads leading to Epsom on the days of great races. There are very few Clubmen who do not belong to one of the Clubs or Associations which have luncheon-tents on the hill, and it interferes less with the comfort of one's life to take a noonday train to Epsom and lunch in

unsociable and to refuse to make up a four at Bridge, but who cannot afford to lose any large sum and is unwilling to run the risk of doing so. Many Clubs make their points to suit the pockets of the majority of their card-playing members. Messes do the same. If the great hostesses of England would settle that the stakes in their houses at the Bridge-tables where ladies play should be low, the chance of a young girl losing all her pin-money or of a young matron finding herself minus her housekeeping money would vanish. The gambling woman of the world who gambles because she enjoys the excitement requires no protection. She will gamble wherever she is, and Bridge receives less attention from her than the Stock Exchange and the racecourse do. She is generally a "good sort," and, though she often makes a mess of her life, I do not think she influences other women.

A great deal is being written of the letters which ladies indite to men, not their brothers or fathers or husbands, asking them to pay their debts. Bridge may have increased the number of these letters, but I fancy that love of dress is answerable for most of them. Ever since man began to make money and women to spend it, wives and daughters have been afraid to tell stern relations of their extravagance and have turned to good-natured friends or acquaintances. Of course, it is absolutely wrong that ladies should do so, and it is all to the credit of the male side of humanity that in nine hundred



ACT II. OF "THE GORDIAN KNOT," THE NEW PLAY AT HIS MAJESTY'S: ROGER MARTENS (MR. BEERBOHM TREE) TRIES TO PERSUADE GABRIELLE MELVILLE (MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE) TO GIVE UP HIS FRIEND, JEAN.

Photograph by Burford, Great Russell Street.

one of the tents than to breakfast unusually early so as to be well on the road before ten o'clock. The gradual growth of London has had much to do with the lessening of the pleasure of the coach-drive to Epsom, for bricks-and-mortar line the way for the greater portion of the journey. It may be that because I am going down by train this year to see the great race, I look on the voyagers by coach with the same jaundiced view that the fox with no brush took of his more amply furnished brethren, and, luckily for coach-owners, the Colonists and Americans in our midst who do not belong to Luncheon Clubs still adhere to the old method, enjoy the gallop up the hill, and eat lobster, cold chicken, cutlets, and *pâté de foie gras* on the top of the coach or in a little tent raised by its side.

A campaign is being organised against high points at Bridge in country houses when ladies are playing, and some hostesses are banding together to ostracise the game when played for money. There they are, I think, going too far, and are likely to have their excellent intention defeated, for any game of cards without some small stake depending on it is to the ordinary man or woman of the world like an egg without salt. What I would suggest to hosts and hostesses is that there should be recognised "country-house points," and those low ones, and that these and none others should be played when ladies sit down to a Bridge-table. If the men find it dull to play for small points, they can always bet on the rubber. The person who really requires protection is the lady, young or old, who does not like to be

and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand the man who has lent money to a lady holds his tongue and, so far as he is concerned, forgets that there ever has been such a transaction. It is unfortunate that the thousandth man should, in these latter days, be anxious to rush into print and tell his experiences.

I am afraid that we are going to hear a good deal more about the two "ragging" cases, one at Dublin and the other at Cape Town, which are occupying the Commander-in-Chief's attention. Lord Roberts, in spite of his almost womanly gentleness, can be very firm when he has made up his mind, and he has determined to put an end to the horse-play, which may degenerate into bullying, that young officers in some regiments indulge in. In this he will have the support of all who love the Army, but in crushing the rough-and-ready methods of showing disapproval of a comrade I hope that Lord Roberts will find some means to prevent a young man morally unfit from establishing himself in a regiment and remaining there. I do not allude to roughness or uncouthness, for, as long as a man is a good soldier, these little social blemishes should not count in any way against him; but now and again a "wrong'un" does get into a regiment, and, though he may be an efficient soldier, his place should not be amongst honourable gentlemen. If the younger officers are not to make the regiment too hot to hold such a man, there should be some means, not now existent, by which the senior officers should judge him. My personal opinion is that a "Court of Honour" is one of the wants of the Service.

THE LATE "MAX O'RELL."

PAUL BLOUET, who died on Sunday in Paris, was better known to the reading public as "Max O'Rell." He was always a welcome and distinguished figure at the many social gatherings he attended during his long stay in this country. As a humorous lecturer, too, he was in great request. In his early days he fought in

the Franco-Prussian War, was taken prisoner at Sedan, and severely wounded during the Commune. Disabled and pensioned, he came to this country as London Correspondent of various French papers, and later became a master at St. Paul's School. As a lecturer he travelled in France, Holland, Belgium, and practically the whole of the English-speaking world. His books are too well known to need recapitulation, his last, "Rambles in Womankind," having been published only a few weeks ago. He was Correspondent of the *New York Journal* for the whole of Europe, and some two years ago he

THE LATE M. PAUL BLOUET ("MAX O'RELL").

Photograph by Ball, Regent Street, W.

left this country to become the Editor of *Le Figaro*. M. Blouet not only added to the gaiety of nations, but also assisted in promoting a better understanding between this country and his own.

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For full particulars of the above Excursions, Extension of Time for certain Return Tickets, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Special Holiday Programme and Bills.

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A THEATRICAL WEDDING.

MISS MABEL HACKNEY, the charming bride of Sir Henry Irving's second son, Laurence (the adapter of "Dante"), graduated as an actress in the provinces and the suburbs. In due course she reached the West-End, where her first really important character was in "The Prisoner of Zenda" with Mr. George Alexander at the St. James's. A year or two ago, Miss Hackney joined Sir Henry Irving's Touring Company, and (partly on Miss Ellen Terry's own suggestion) the clever young actress took up the characters of Olivia and Margaret, which Miss Terry had just determined to resign. More than once Miss Hackney also enacted with great success the arduous character of Portia during the illness of that character's greatest modern exponent, meaning, of course, the aforesaid Miss Terry.

Mr. Laurence Irving, the happy bridegroom, has not yet attained as actor to what might be called the true Irving mark—a mark which is being reached by his elder brother, Henry Brodribb Irving (Brodribb is the Irving original family name). Young Laurence—after, like Dickens, writing sundry drawing-room tragedies "at the mature age of eight"—blossomed forth as an actual playwright in collaboration with that other lively young author-actor, Mr. Seymour Hicks, with whom he adapted James Sheridan Le Fanu's "Uncle Silas," about a decade ago. Mr. Laurence Irving's first extensive dramatic work on his own account was, of course, his tragedy of "Peter the Great," produced by his famous father at the Lyceum. He next adapted Sardou's "Robespierre." His subsequent play-writing achievements are too well known to need detailing.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK



THE news that the King intends to honour Epsom to-day by his presence at the Derby has naturally aroused great gratification among all those interested either directly or indirectly in the Sport of Kings. Never was there a more popular victory than that of Persimmon in 1896, and only those who form the inner racing circle realise all that His Majesty has done to elevate what is, after all, a great national amusement, and one in which

this country has always played a deservedly high part. Persimmon's victory was notable as being the fourth time in the history of the Turf that the Derby had been won by a Royal owner. As we all remember, His Majesty was again successful in 1900 with Persimmon's brother, the happily named Diamond Jubilee. This horse in the same year carried His Royal master's colours to victory five times, winning close on twenty-nine thousand pounds in stakes.

The Royal Whitsun Holidays. Their Majesties set an excellent example to their subjects by spending their brief holidays at home.

This year the King and Queen will be at Windsor Castle for Whitsuntide, the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children being in the near neighbourhood, at Frogmore House, which charming old mansion has now been made quite ready for their occupation. The Royal Borough is expecting an exceptionally brilliant summer season; all the principal houses in the neighbourhood have been taken by well-known people, and the presence of the Sovereign at Windsor Castle naturally makes a great difference to the famous little town clustering about the base of the great stronghold.

The King and Kew Bridge. Crowded as Kew was when the King and Queen went to open the new bridge, by far the greater number of people saw their Majesties on the roads leading to and from the bridge. It was remarked that the King looked

thinner than he did before he took his trip to the Continent, but, in spite of the fatigue that he has undergone of late, he looked remarkably well. One of the most curious incidents of the day's proceedings was the way in which the neighbouring towns and villages emptied about three o'clock in the afternoon. In Richmond everyone was walking Kew-wards, all the shops were hurriedly putting up their shutters as the hour for the ceremony approached, and by half-past three hardly a soul was to be seen in the streets.

The King in the Mediterranean.

Diplomats, Consuls, and many others who have a keen interest in the wise direction of our foreign affairs are looking for great benefits from the King's Mediterranean cruise. One high official said to me, only a few weeks ago, that many of our mistakes in the Mediterranean would have been avoided if the Ruler of the country had been able to make personal study of the conditions. Naturally enough, such a work could not have been undertaken by the late lamented Queen Victoria, and, indeed, it is doubtful whether many of our Prime Ministers would have encouraged her in such an undertaking. Now, the importance of our Mediterranean interests is universally admitted, and the King's recent journey may bring about a peaceful solution of many matters that Diplomacy has been unable to handle successfully. There is a rumour that the vexed question of Morocco has been arranged amicably between France and England, and, though this seems much too good to be true, one may hope that a friendly solution is far more likely since the King went to Paris. To the Powers whose security lies in antagonism between France and Great Britain the visit must have been a very unpleasant incident; indeed, a casual survey of certain Continental papers that may go unnamed proves as much. Agreement between the two great Western Powers has as great an effect upon European politics as a Balkan crisis.

Royal Angels of Mercy.

The two young daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have made themselves very popular in Dublin by the unaffected and girlish interest they take in every form of real charity. Their Royal Highnesses pay frequent visits to the various hospitals in which the Irish Capital is so rich, and they pay special attention to the inmates of the Children's Hospital. The young Princesses have been brought up in a very old-fashioned manner; they are clever and well-read, and interested rather in intellectual than in social things. It has been



THE PRINCESSES MARGARET AND PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT VISITING THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, TEMPLE STREET, DUBLIN.

Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

more than once rumoured that the elder of the two is destined to become a future Empress. Kilmainham Hospital, where the Duke of Connaught now has his official residence, is a most delightful and stately pile of buildings, boasting of a really noble hall, where on certain occasions the Duchess entertains the great Irish world. The presence of Royalty in Dublin naturally makes a great difference to the brilliancy of the Viceregal Court.

Madame Sarah Grand. The lady who wrote "The Heavenly Twins" is in some ways the most interesting of the group of women novelists who belong to the advanced school of thought. Madame Sarah Grand, as those who read her work are shrewdly led to suspect, is very feminine in her tastes and avocations, and this in spite of the fact that she is always ready to tilt a lance against "mere man." Her attitude on the whole question of women and their wrongs does not prevent her having many devoted friends among those of her fellow writers who belong to the stronger sex, and she often entertains literary folk at her charming country home near Sevenoaks. There, of late years, Madame Sarah Grand has settled down with her step-son, Mr. Haldane MacFall—himself a brilliant writer of exotic fiction—and the latter's baby daughter, a little motherless girl in whom her young-looking grandmother takes a more than maternal interest. Madame Grand is one of the few women writers who are in no hurry to produce novels in quick succession. She gives the reading world time to rest between each of her stories, and this, perhaps, is why she has always been so successful in arousing and in keeping its interest.

Now that the Academy has open doors and the minor exhibitions of the year's pictures are in full swing, the casual observer may be tempted to believe that British artists are having a good time, but I am informed on high authority that such is not the case. There is little or no demand for modern pictures, and men who were doing splendidly ten or fifteen years ago find great difficulty to-day in obtaining purchasers for much better work. Art-

dealers find it is more profitable to buy up the works of an old Master and then make a market in them than to encourage the talent at their doors. Modern millionaires who have no acquaintance with art and never trust to their own judgment care less for modern work because they cannot foresee the verdict of posterity. They prefer pictures upon which the seal of approval has been set for many generations, and they are not dismayed by thoughts of forgeries, copies, doubtful examples, and other dangers that have been very much in evidence of late. In the meantime the genuine artist who does not paint portraits and has no acquaintance with black-and-white work can seldom sell a picture, and when he does find a purchaser must take what he can get. Yet it is not unreasonable to believe that some of the pictures now vainly seeking a purchaser will in days yet to come be hailed as masterpieces. Unfortunately, posthumous fame affords no protection against the assaults of Quarter-day.

Professor Falb and the Weather. It is sad to have to confess that the Viennese meteorologist, Professor Falb, was quite correct in his prognostication about the weather in May. His prophecy was that the month would open with rain, cold, and thunder, which would get worse as the month advanced, and that floods would occur in many places. All this has punctually happened, and now the cold is to increase until the rain stops and the month

goes out dry. According to the Professor, we may look forward to fine weather for the first few days of June, but then the thunder-storms and cold rain will recommence and finish up the month. The remarkable thing about these unpleasant prophecies is that they were published early in January.

Josef Israels. The veteran Dutch painter, Josef Israels, has found a very hearty welcome in England. After he had been feted publicly at the Royal Academy Banquet and elsewhere, he dined with the Maccabean Club, the well-known gathering of Jewish professional men that has been established in London since the early 'nineties. Zangwill was in the chair, and made a very charming speech, being particularly happy in his description of the work of Dutch artists as "a perpetual grace to God for the beauty of common things." Heer Israels, who is in his eightieth year, made a charming little speech in reply to the toast of his health, and listened with interest and pleasure to the many kind things that were said concerning Dutch painting in general and his work in particular by the other speakers, who included Mr. S. J. Solomon, A.R.A., and Mr. J. M. Swan, A.R.A.

Many artists who do not belong to the Maccabean Club came to the dinner as guests, and the Lord Mayor, attended by his Sheriffs, looked in for half-an-hour to take part in the proceedings. Some delightful music—a regular feature of the Club entertainments—added considerably to the pleasure of the evening, and Heer Israels spoke quite cheerfully of returning to England at some future date. His first visit to this country was paid forty years ago. It is not generally known outside Holland that the veteran painter has a son whose work bids fair to excel that of his gifted father. Heer Israels, who has been the guest in England of Mr. Drucker, a connoisseur and the possessor of fine examples of the Master's work, will return to Scheveningen, where he has a villa, and intends to work there until the summer is over.

Prince Albert of Monaco has set a new fashion in Royal progresses by travelling from Monte Carlo to Paris on a motor-cycle. He took five days over the journey, and was

accompanied on the road by a motor-car driven by M. Jacquin. Some years ago, Dr. Jayne, Bishop of Chester, took to riding a bicycle, and this new departure on the part of the Prince of Monaco marks another step forward in the democratisation of travel.

A Centenarian. A remarkable centenarian passed away last week by the death of Miss Mary Shergold at her Brighton residence. Miss Shergold was the daughter of a former Vicar of Lewes and passed all her long life between Lewes and Brighton. She was born in 1798, and so had lived in three centuries and in five reigns. She could just remember hearing, as a very little girl, of the Battle of Trafalgar, but the Battle of Waterloo was quite within her recollection. Miss Shergold was a very charming old lady, and till quite recently her health was excellent.

The Coming Military Manœuvres.

The Military Manœuvres to be held this year from Salisbury Plain will commence on Aug. 29 and will last for a month. The area which will be occupied includes the whole of the counties of Oxfordshire, Berkshire, and Hampshire, with the exception of the New Forest and the Isle of Wight, and the greater part of Wiltshire. Those who are interested in the Manœuvres will shortly be able to obtain copies of a map of the country.

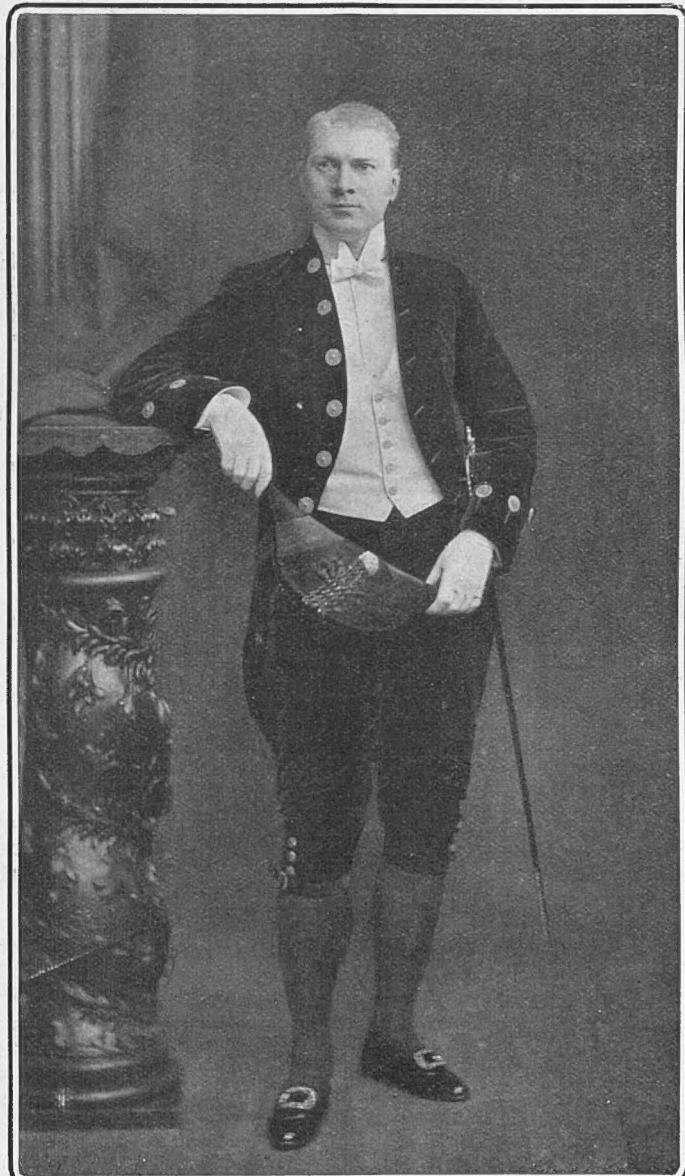


MADAME SARAH GRAND, AUTHOR OF "THE HEAVENLY TWINS."

Photograph by Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.

Mrs. Adair's Fancy-dress Ball. It is to be hoped that some of the wonderful frocks worn at Mrs. Adair's Fancy-dress Ball will have a chance of again seeing the light this Season, and, if the great Masked Ball which some people believe will take place at Marlborough House in July really comes to pass, doubtless many of the costumes will again delight those who have the good fortune to be present. Of the beauties who graced Mrs. Adair's delightful and gorgeous fête, none attracted more attention than that "Princess with the Golden Locks," Princess Henry of Pless. Her long, trailing gown of softest white satin was covered with exquisite pearl and silver embroidery, the same being repeated in the long, hanging gauze sleeves, while her hair was confined in a quaint silver net studded with pearls. On either side of her face and at the back of her head were clusters of large white lilies. Another noted beauty, Lady Warwick, whose triumphant loveliness was undimmed by the presence of her pretty young débutante daughter, wore a costume which, for sheer splendour, is not likely to be ever surpassed. She appeared as Semiramis, and certainly that great Queen was never more gorgeously attired. Her gown of purple gauze embroidered in gold and silver formed a kind of over-dress to her Oriental draperies of white and gold; but the great feature of the costume was the head-dress, composed of an ibis with outstretched wings and diamond head, and from the curious hanging crown of pear-shaped pearls hung chains of diamonds. In complete contrast was Lady Marjorie Greville's lovely, airy, girlish frock, which gave quite admirably the impression it was meant to convey—that of a summer butterfly.

The Stately Hostess. Mrs. Adair, who was assisted in doing the honours by her good-looking son, Captain Ritchie, wisely elected to wear the exquisite Empire dress which was first worn by her at the Viceregal Fancy-dress Ball which was one of the great functions of the Durbar. The costume was admirably wedded to an emerald and diamond Empire tiara. The beautiful house was decorated with masses



LORD FAIRFAX.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

of flowers, even the entrance-hall being festooned with red roses. The hostess's sister, Lady Barrymore, was in an old-world eighteenth-century gown of pale-blue silk covered with small silver blossoms, which opened over a petticoat of priceless lace.

More Wonderful Frocks and Jewels. Among the unmarried beauties, much interest centred on the group of American girls present. These included Miss Helen Post, Mrs. Adair's niece, and Miss Gladys Deacon, who appeared in a very original costume as a Pompeian flute-player; she also wore sprays of flowers



LADY ROMILLY.

Photograph by Esmé Collings, New Bond Street, W.

on either side of her face, a quaint new fashion which is said to have been inaugurated by Miss Muriel Wilson, who, in a marvellous Oriental costume, could certainly have claimed to be among the loveliest women present. One of the most sensational costumes was worn by Baroness de Meyer, who, as a Bacchante, had her wonderful masses of auburn hair entwined with purple and white grapes. An interesting feature of the ball was the extraordinary profusion of jewellery worn by almost every married woman present. Jewelled crowns and coifs were seen, making an excellent effect, and Princess Hatzfeldt, who came as Queen Esther, even wore gems on her sandalled feet, while noteworthy also were the jewels of Mrs. Willie Grenfell.

Lady Romilly. Lady Romilly inherits beauty from both sides of her family; she is the only sister of Sir Philip Grey-Egerton, and a cousin of Lord Londesborough. As Miss Violet Grey-Egerton, she belonged to the brilliant band of débutantes whose charm and wit enlivened the early 'nineties, and it is no secret that her marriage to Lord Romilly was a great romance; indeed, few weddings have taken Society more by surprise. The marriage took place in the Diamond Jubilee year, and their little son and heir was four years old a few weeks ago.

A Unique Instance. Lord Fairfax is in some ways the most interesting member of the Upper House, this from two points of view: he is the only American-born British Baron, having no settled home in the country of his ancestors, and yet he has in no sense merged his British nationality in that of the Stars and Stripes. The bearer of a famous name, his ancestor, the great Fairfax, was one of the few nobles who sided with Cromwell; he held chief command at Marston Moor, and his son became General-in-Chief of the Parliamentary forces, and as such gained the great victory at Naseby. When the King came to his own again, the Fairfax of that day found it more prudent to emigrate to America. He settled in Virginia, where he had great estates, and in due course his descendants became intimate with George Washington. The present Lord Fairfax, twelfth Baron, is a good-looking man of thirty-three. He received a special invitation to the Coronation, and during his stay in London was much feted and entertained both by his brother Peers and by those members of the Court world who were acquainted with his curious and romantic history.

The New Minister. If Lord Onslow were not a Peer, almost everybody would approve of his appointment as Minister for Agriculture; but, being removed from the direct criticism of members of the House of Commons, there are some complaints of his promotion. Lord Onslow has had a long official career and has been for several years the colleague of Mr. Chamberlain at the Colonial Office. He is as active and business-like as his predecessor at the Board of Agriculture, and, as he has a pleasant, accessible manner, he will please the farmers. Moreover, he owns about thirteen thousand five hundred acres, and therefore is familiar with rural problems. Lord Onslow, who is now fifty years old, succeeded his grand-uncle when he was only seventeen.

The Latest Leader.

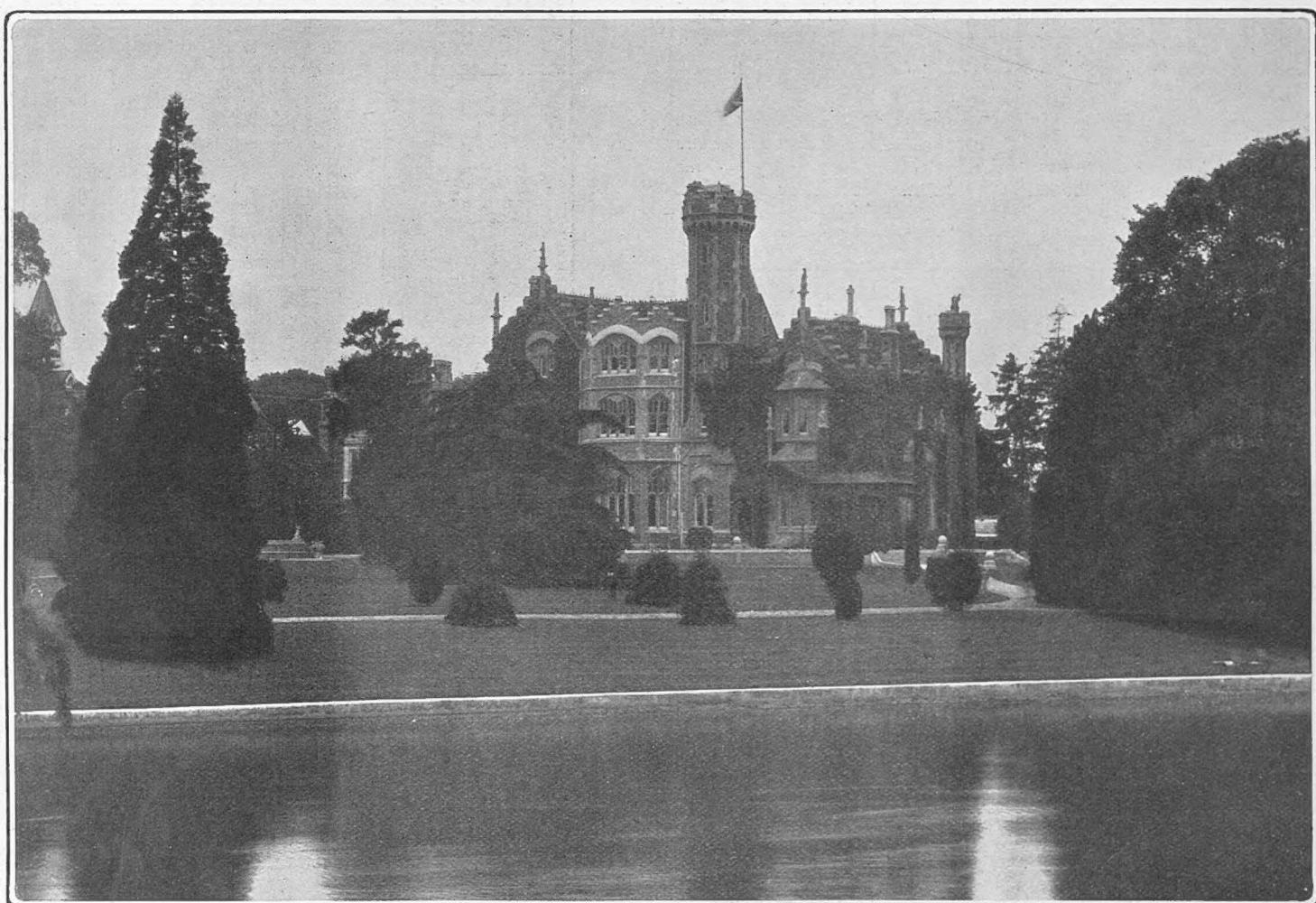
Mr. Chaplin and the Protectionist mutineers who threaten to form a cave, have replaced Mr. Beckett and the Young Party as the men of the day in Parliament. The House of Commons takes great interest in Mr. Chaplin, admires his eye-glass, and cheers his sonorous sentences. He is one of the oldest Members, and retains the grand manner of a generation that is dead. Having crossed swords with Mr. Gladstone, he will enter light-heartedly on encounters with the Chancellor of the

A Riverside Pleasance.

All lovers of Father Thames are familiar with Oakley Court, which has been called the loveliest of riverside pleasaunces. The little estate has a splendid river-frontage, which each summer is brilliant with a border of bright-scarlet geraniums, and the spacious lawns are dotted with fine trees. Oakley Court is within a short row of Windsor, not far from Downe Place, where Lord and Lady Alington have so often spent the summer, and close to Surly Hall, once the favourite river-resort of those Etonians who claimed to be known as "wet bobs." Oakley Court is generally let each summer, and at one time, when in the occupation of Mrs. Learmouth, it was the scene of many brilliant gatherings and river picnics. There seems an impression that the river is to be this year more fashionable than ever.

The late Signor Ardit.

Signor Luigi Ardit will be remembered affectionately by all who came in contact with him. I never met a kinder or more simple man. Success could not spoil him, though it spoils scores of men and women who have not a tithe of his talent. Down to the last year of his life he was a worker: his song, "Felicità," was published in the winter of last year and dedicated by permission to the King. Signor Ardit's



OAKLEY COURT, A BEAUTIFUL RIVERSIDE RESIDENCE BETWEEN WINDSOR AND MAIDENHEAD.

Photograph by W. Plumb.

Exchequer who has dared to repeal the corn duty. Mr. Chaplin has known the inner history of politics for many years; he is a resolute man; his convictions are at stake, and he has a large section of opinion on his side. Therefore he is dangerous.

Leafy London. It is to be hoped that the County Council's experiment in planting trees in Kingsway and Aldwych will not fall through, as do so many excellent suggestions each year. Already London is tending to become that most delightful of things, a leafy city. How much does Paris owe to her trees, and in this connection to Napoleon III., who really created the tree-lined boulevards as we now know them. There must have been a day when London enjoyed shade from the branches of many noble gardens; then there came a mania for destroying these precious open spaces. The news that in Aldwych plane-trees and acacias are to be planted alternately, and in Kingsway plane-trees and ailanthus, may be regarded rather doubtfully, for surely the plane-tree has asserted its right to be considered as the one London tree which may successfully be told to grow and to thrive; anyway, the locust-tree, to give the pseudo-acacia its true name, has not the same qualities. The Parisians have tried horse-chestnuts with great success, and for a short time their lovely blossoms enliven many a dingy French square and alley.

experience of men and women was a very great one: he had travelled far and wide; all the great singers of two generations had sung before him; he knew their public lives and their private lives, their virtues and their faults. Yet, in spite of all he knew, I never heard him say an unkind word of anybody, living or dead; he had the rare power of seeing the good that is in everybody and missing all the rest. I do not think he could have found it in his heart to be unkind in word, deed, or thought to anybody, and here was the charm that would have made him distinguished if he had never had a great public career. The thoughts of many friends all over the world will go out in sympathy to his devoted wife and to his children.

The Pope in Piccadilly.

Only one Pope has been known to walk down Piccadilly, and that is the present Pope Leo XIII. This happened in 1846, when he came over to London for a month on the conclusion of his mission to Belgium as Papal Nuncio. Part of the time, Monsignore Pecci lived in rooms in Regent Street, and his favourite walk was down Piccadilly to Hyde Park, where he used to stroll up and down. On that occasion, too, he first made the acquaintance of the King, who was then Prince of Wales and only four years old. During his stay in London, Monsignore Pecci officiated in two churches—the old chapel in Sardinia Street, off Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the chapel of St. Mary's, Moorfields.

A Lively Prince. A friend in Athens has furnished me with some interesting details concerning Prince Andreas of Greece, whose engagement with the Princess Alice of Battenberg has created such general surprise and congratulation (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). The young Prince is the liveliest of the four sons of the Grecian Royal couple. He was baptised after the name of the celebrated Hellenic philanthropist, Andreas Syhgros, and he apparently received from his godfather a spirit of outspoken patriotism. When quite a boy, he insisted on employing the Greek language. To a comrade who, during play-time in the Royal gardens, addressed him in French he administered a thrashing, which he wound up with the command, "Speak your mother tongue in future!" On the occasion of the marriage of his eldest brother, the Crown Prince, with the Princess Sophia of Prussia, young Andreas occupied a prominent place in the church; but he found the service wearisome, and endeavoured to amuse himself by making a windmill of his straw hat, to the great embarrassment of his neighbours. The furious glances directed at him by the Queen he pretended not to observe. Finally, he sat himself, Turkish fashion, on the carpet of the aisle and continued whirling his hat. A sounding box of the ear from Prince George ended this performance and induced the boy Prince to resume a standing posture. Notwithstanding his liveliness, he passed successfully through the cadet school as his brothers did before him; that is to say, he received his instruction privately, but attended all the drill exercises of the institution. On leaving school, he entered the cavalry regiment which is garrisoned at Athens, and the regular performance of his duties as Lieutenant was interrupted only by the summer vacations, when he invariably accompanied the King and Queen on their journeys. Prince Andreas, who is an excellent horseman, is Honorary President of the Equestrian Society which for the past two years has managed all the races and other equestrian displays in Athens. He is to spend the coming year at Darmstadt, doing duty with the Hessian Dragoons. At the close of that period his marriage with Princess Alice will be solemnised in London.

King Edward's Movements. It has been stated, with every appearance of authority, that the British Ambassador in Berlin has informed the German Government that King Edward deems it inadvisable to pay a visit to Emperor William this year, owing to the anti-German feeling prevailing in England. I have the highest authority for stating that there is not a word of truth in this report. At the same time, I happen to know that the German Government, in the interests of good relations between the countries, would be rather glad than otherwise if the visit of the King should be postponed until next year. According to the latest intelligence received at the German Court, the visits of His Majesty not only to Berlin but to St. Petersburg and Vienna will be thus postponed. It is appreciated here

that King Edward's time in the next two months will be fully occupied. He has arranged to go to Ireland for a week in July and to receive King Victor Emmanuel and President Loubet in London before the Cowes Regatta. After the Regatta he will in all probability proceed, about the first week in August, to Homburg, where he will spend a month. As the Emperor William at that time will be at Wilhelmshöhe, there will be ample opportunity for King Edward to pay a private visit, as in previous years, to his Imperial nephew.

A Turkish Visitor. Berlin is expecting an interesting visitor in September. Contrary to all tradition, I hear that the Sultan has decided to allow his youngest son, Prince Eddin, to visit a number of European Courts. The Prince will be accompanied on his tour by a tutor and three superior officers. He will come first to Berlin, and will afterwards proceed to Vienna, St. Petersburg, London, and Paris.

A Popular General. Count von Haeseler, who has just resigned the command of the Sixteenth Army Corps, is undoubtedly the most popular General in the German Army. The most wonderful tales are told of his genius in administration and in the execution of the most complicated strategic movements. He owes his great reputation to his attention to detail. It was his ambition to compel even private soldiers to carry out their orders with conscious intelligence. Not long ago, during the Manceuvres, he ordered a cavalryman to ride to a hill, about a mile distant, on which stood a solitary tree. When the man returned, he asked him what kind of a tree stood on the hill. The soldier replied that he did not know. The General observed, with irritation, that a man who was sent to an isolated tree ought to have regarded it with attention. Thereupon the cavalryman drew a twig from his boot and handed it to the Count, observing, "As I did not know what tree it was, I plucked this for your Excellency." The General was delighted. "Bravo, my son!" he exclaimed. "It is a pear-tree," and gave him a piece of gold. On another occasion he asked an infantryman to judge the distance to a certain hill. "About eighteen hundred metres," was the prompt reply. "About right, my son. And where is it situated, in Germany or France?" continued the General. "I believe, in France." "And why do you believe that?" "Because we have visited all the hills on the German side of the frontier, and, as we have not been on that hill, it must be in France." It was not always that the General received such satisfactory answers from his soldiers. He once asked a private on which bank of the Mosel he was standing. "On the right," was the answer. "Good. Now turn right-about and tell me on which bank you are now standing." "On the left, your Excellency!" Count von Haeseler has the face of a Moltke, with the body of a recluse. His attitude is anything but martial, and he has walked for many years with a decided stoop. The reason for this is to be sought in his reckless horsemanship.



MISS VIOLET CAMERON AS THE MOTHER SUPERIOR IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.
Photograph by L. Castwall Smith, Copyright Rotary Photographic Company, Ltd.

Ranelagh. Ranelagh comes next to Hurlingham as the centre of polo-playing in England, and the modern ground is as popular with smart people as the old Ranelagh Gardens at Chelsea were with the fashionable folk of the second half of the eighteenth century. Modern votaries of sport are, however, catered for in very different fashion, for the promenade round and round the Rotunda which used to satisfy our ancestors and their wives and daughters would seem intolerably slow at the present day. It is just on a hundred years ago that the first Ranelagh was closed, and the Naval Exhibition in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital is the nearest thing to the old Gardens that we of this generation have seen. Although the weather has not been propitious, polo has been going on bravely on the Ranelagh ground. For the ladies who are always interested spectators, Ranelagh would lose more than half its charm were it not for the pavilion and the tea which is a great attraction of the ground. And, however raw and damp it may be outside, the pavilion is always warm and sheltered.

Royalty at Venice. Their Majesties the King and Queen of Italy

have received from their subjects at Venice a most loyal and hearty welcome (writes my Rome Correspondent). The whole of Venice went on holiday, the greatest enthusiasm was expressed on all sides, and the King and Queen were evidently touched and deeply gratified at their warm reception. Both are far more popular in Italy than is generally supposed; the Queen is as sympathetic and charming to all classes as she is wonderfully beautiful, the King is becoming daily more and more admired and respected. His Majesty certainly deserves the love and esteem of his subjects, for no man in the whole of Italy works harder to do justice to his country and promote the welfare of his countrymen.

During the stay at Venice a considerable length of time was devoted to the collection of pictures at the Exhibition. Their

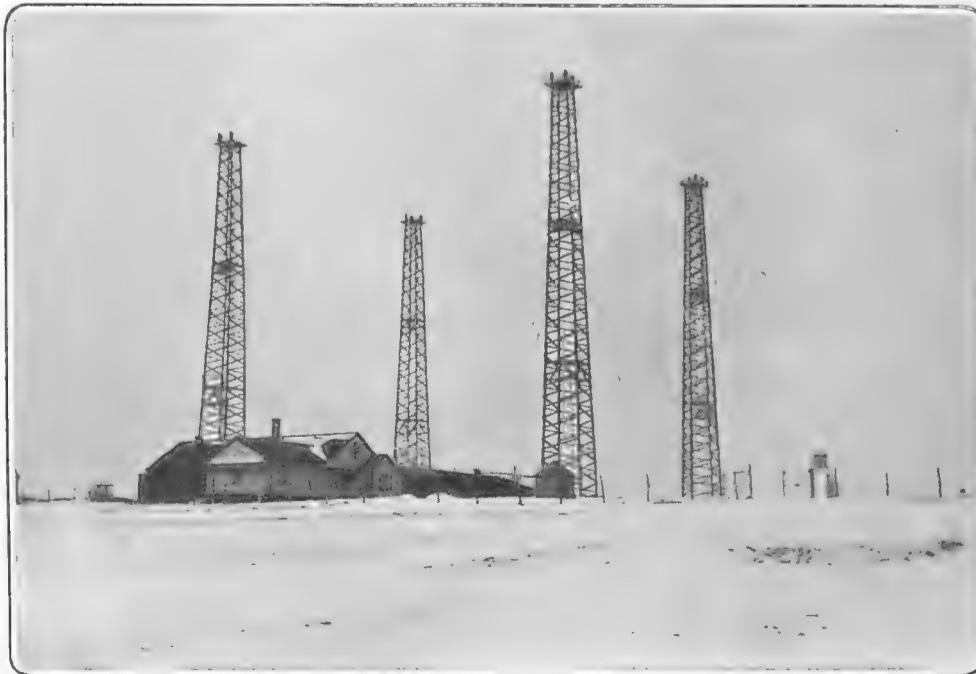
Majesties purchased the following works: "Night in Summer," by Arborelius Olaf; "At Chioggia," by Moses Bianchi; "Canal of St. John," by Emmanuel Brugnoli; "Harvest in Normandy," by Arthur Callender; "Shepherdess under the Trees," by Luigi Chialiva; "Last Rays," by Trajano Chitarin; "Storm on the Lagoon," by Guglielmo Giardi; "In the Tropics," by Hans Petersen; "Rivals," by George Smith; "Bridge of St. Angelo," by Alfred Smith; "On the Dutch Coasts," by John Terris; and "Menders," by Ettore Tito. On the evening before the Royal departure from Venice the whole scene was



MISS DOROTHY TEMBLETT, PLAYING IN "THE MEDAL AND THE MAID," AT THE LYRIC.

Photograph by George Garel-Charles, Acacia Road, N.W.

factorily terminated. I may mention that Signor Turati did not offer to begin this new system of prison investigation in person. One of his colleagues, however, created still further merriment by stating that he, for his part, did know a large amount about the interior of Italian prisons, having had ample opportunity of making acquaintance with them during an enforced sojourn therein at the expense of the Italian Government.



THE MARCONI TOWERS, GLACE BAY, CANADA.

most brilliantly illuminated by Bengal lights. At the special wish of the Queen, a turn was taken before nightfall in a gondola. The view obtainable was wonderful and caused intense pleasure to both the King and the Queen.

Death of an Italian Sculptor. Signor Antonio Cortelazzo, the greatest of modern Italian sculptors, has just died at Vicenza at the age of eighty-four. Signor Cortelazzo was the architect of his own fortunes, having begun life in a most humble manner as an ordinary assistant in a seal-cutter's shop. His work attracted much attention by the time he had reached twenty, and especial notice was taken of him by a well-known English nobleman, who encouraged him by every means in his power to attain fame. Finally, he became famous throughout the whole of Europe and executed orders for every Court. One of his works is to be seen in the Pitti Palace, at Florence, where it was placed by the order of the King of Italy, for whom it had been executed.

Amusing Scenes in the Italian Chamber. The sad case of the death through stran-

gulation of the

sailor, D'Angelo, in his prison-cell, after being subjected for no apparent just reason to the torture of the strait-waistcoat, was the subject of much heated debate this week in the Italian Chamber. Towards the end of the discussion, the Socialist Deputy Turati "brought the house down" by advising all the Ministers of the Italian Government to spend a few years in prison, in order that some definite knowledge might be obtained regarding prison abuses; this, he said, was the only way in which such abuses could be satis-

Signor Marconi's reception by the Italian people has been enthusiastic in a way that recalled to those who witnessed it Garibaldi's triumphant progress through London. This is the more remarkable when it be remembered that the young man whose name stands for wireless telegraphy was till a few years ago known to only a small circle of scientists interested in the apparently hopeless problem of how to transmit words without the aid of any material connecting-link. Many of Signor Marconi's successful experiments have been made in Canada.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Firing the Train. Reading the newspapers is a grey accompaniment to a belated spring (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). It is all war, civil and religious war. The nervous might believe that it was only a question of hours when the goaded Catholics would throw down the gauntlet to the Socialists and Revolutionaries and the streets stream with blood. One thing is absolutely certain, and that is that the present tension cannot be maintained. Imagine the picture at Plaisance, Belleville, Aubervilliers, in the heart of Paris. The faithful go down to the church with a *breviaire* perhaps, but certainly with a revolver and a bludgeon, determined to defend the holy relics. In the cafés also armed men are yelling the "Carmagnole" and the "Internationale," with the perpetual cry of "À bas la calotte!" When the rivals meet in church, blood flows and women and children are fainting and screaming. It is deplorable and a desecration. M. Combes, with the big majority behind him, will probably separate Church from State and suppress all the Foreign Missions, and he is urged to follow the programme of Boissy d'Anglas and prohibit the wearing of religious garb by priests, the presence of the Cross, or even the use of incense. For the moment the streets are flooded with revolutionary literature—"L'Action," "Le Diable," and so on. For the sake of over-tried Lutetia, it may be hoped that a *modus vivendi* will be arrived at.

It's English. The latest craze that has bitten Paris is "Bridge." You read in the fashionable chroniques, "Dîner suivi de Bridge, chez la Baronne." One journal, I notice, has decided to explain in a series of articles all the technicalities and finesse. With it once adopted will disappear the historic Manille. Indeed, everything English is now such a craze that it is possible. Ping-pong, by the way, never caught on, although it had a fine send-off. Every seaside-town hotel introduced it, but only the English played.

Maeterlinck's "Joyzelle." I had certainly heard that the Maeterlinck craze had caught on in England, but I was astounded at the *première* at the Gymnase on Wednesday of "Joyzelle" to find the stalls invaded by English and many who suggested the theatrical profession. The play lacks the daring of



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF MONACO.

"Monna Vanna," and there was a distinct suggestion that the subject would have been better treated by a Wagner with violent music. Four characters for five Acts in a large theatre is a little "Box and Coxey." Mdlle. Géorgette Leblanc acted superbly.

French Stockbrokers' Walk. It is curious that the French Boursiers will, like their London Stock Exchange brothers, indulge in a big walk. Only a few years ago I remember that a member of the Parquet was hissed for arriving at the Bourse on a bicycle. It was felt that the House went down morally several points if a member could not run to a brougham. And to-day they are going to examine what their legs were made for!

The Prince of Monaco. The Prince of Monaco, who this week (29th) delivers a discourse at the Royal Institution on the progress of oceanography, would make an ideal merman, and one can imagine how devoted would have been Mr. Wells's delightful "Sea Lady." What the Prince does not know about the bottom of the sea is not worth knowing; he has made deep-sea levels his one absorbing study for many years, and, as he is a true scientist, his investigations are really valuable. There is something quaint in the thought that this remarkable Royal savant should be so closely associated with the frivolity of Monte Carlo, for he is, of course, owner of the delightful little Principality which remains the most perfect piece of mediævalism in Europe.

The Princess of Monaco. The Princess of Monaco is one of the cleverest and most interesting of cosmopolitan great ladies. A cousin of Heine, the poet, she was first married to that bearer of a great name the late Duc de Richelieu. On his premature death, she devoted herself assiduously to the education of her children, and many years elapsed before she became the wife of Prince Albert of Monaco. The Princess has many friends in this country; as a girl, she was constantly at Holland House, and she generally spends a portion of each Season in London. Her Lady-in-Waiting is an Englishwoman, and she has always extended the kindest welcome to British visitors to Monaco.

Madame Norcrosse. Madame Norcrosse, the soprano who is to be one of the great musical attractions of the London Season, was born in California, but by training and artistic associations she is typically French. She made her début as Carmen at the Royal Netherlands Opera at Amsterdam six years ago. She afterwards engaged in a most successful tour throughout Germany and France, playing Aïda, Carmen, and other great rôles at the principal German and French opera-houses. She is well known in the drawing-rooms of Paris, and since her arrival in England she has filled many important engagements. Madame Norcrosse gave a recital at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon.



MADAME NORCROSSE.
Photograph by Marceau, New York.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

(“Monocle.”)

“IN DAHOMEY” AND “THE GORDIAN KNOT.”

IT is difficult to speak of “In Dahomey” without another reference to the gallery. Whilst fully admitting the right, legal and otherwise, of the gallery to express its opinion during and after a performance, the fact that it is using the right ungenerously and tactlessly is painfully patent. The coloured people must have thought that the offensive interruptions on the first-night displayed a sad lack of good manners, and not only did they startle and disconcert and to some extent paralyse them, but were very displeasing to the more patient parts of the audience. It may not be suggested that either piece or performance is flawless, and, indeed, treated as a whole, the work is more attractive by virtue of novelty than absolute merit, but nothing in it deserved serious censure and much was interesting and amusing. The book can hardly be defended, for it is weaker than that of the average musical comedy, which is saying a good deal; but the music has vigour and charm, sometimes, in fact, quite a remarkable swing and strength, with occasionally a small, curious, individual note, and some of the performers have really great ability, and the chorus is full of life. It was disappointing to find that there is no real racial colour in the work, which is really a musical go-as-you-please of normal American rather than English type, written, composed, and presented by coloured people adopting well enough white men’s methods. So far as “local colour” is concerned, perhaps the only noticeable matter lay in the references to making the negroes white and their hair straight, and to some clever patter business in a carpenters’ scene. The chief burden lay on Messrs. Williams and Walker, two very ingenious and entertaining low-comedians with a valuable contrast in method. The former, if in a sense less typical than the latter, enjoyed the greater success. He had blackened his face, decidedly a work of supererogation, but it was remarkably expressive, and his suggestion of character as a lazy, luckless, gloomy, persistent fellow was exceedingly entertaining. Miss Abbie Mitchell sang quite charmingly, and Miss Walker showed herself a comic singer of ability. One surprising matter was the comparative lack of dancing. I was expecting to see the cake-walk in its most intense degree, or some frenzied dancing, but although there were many threats or promises of something of the kind, they came to little. I fancy that, with Mr. Cook’s fiercely moving music, and the energetic, hearty chorus, a big effect might have been reached had the effort been made. Certainly the entertainment, if not of uncommon quality, will repay a visit to the Shaftesbury.

The latest addition to the quickly growing body of new playwrights is by no means the most promising. “The Gordian Knot” was very disappointing. After studying Mr. Max Beerbohm’s striking caricature of the author, Mr. Claude Lowther, I came to the agreeable conclusion that the piece would be off the beaten track. Of course, I did not suppose that the physical resemblance between Mr. Lowther and the clever drawing by “Max” was very great, but experience has shown that the artist has an amazing gift for catching the souls of his sitters and conveying a vivid impression of character. In the play, however, there seemed no trace of the character displayed by the caricature, no hint of the wilful decadence, the slightly blatant exquisiteness, the ultra-modernity which in a play should have expressed itself by some eccentricity, or defiance of convention, or touch of subtlety. I hesitate to think that “Max” has made a mistake and drawn the wrong soul, or the soul wrongly. What, then, is the cause? And the word “cause” brings me to the play, in which we hear a great deal about an unexplained Cause, so paradoxical as to produce no effect. Indeed, I am rather inclined to think it will prove to be one of the lost causes. Personally, I have a sneaking sympathy with many lost causes, but even this does not enable the struggle of a naughty woman to lure away a weak-kneed young man from a cause never defined or described to interest me. The chief fault of the piece is that it is not very interesting, but an ordinary, commonplace melodrama, with a little tinsel here and there, in which there is no grace of wit or character to atone for the fact that the construction is indifferent and there is too little action. One must have action: outward and visible action, or events occurring in the souls of the characters made manifest to us; but leagues of turgid talk do not necessarily exhibit character or display souls. It is conceivable that Mr. Lowther set out with the idea of drawing a supremely wicked woman—not, indeed, the wicked woman of the ordinary English melodramatist, who, as a rule, in her wildest moments of crime and debauchery, never suggests any sexual element—and that, after considering Olympe (in “Le Mariage d’Olympe”), Sapho, Zaza, Césarine (in “La Femme de Claude”—Lowther), Marguerite Gautier, and Formosa—it would not be

difficult if desirable to name others of the monstrous brood—he decided that a mixture of the first three would suit his case, and so Gabrielle Melville was planned; but, unfortunately, she lacks the note of life displayed more or less in those I have named. She is as unconvincing when she is the *grande amoureuse* in the first Act as when exhibiting the *nostalgie de la boue* in the second, or ambling about—and her golden hair was hanging down her back—and talking of her beauty so often that her speeches became as tedious as must have been the famous phrase about Diana which, according to De Quincey, cannot be translated effectively into French. Perhaps it is unfair to grumble concerning the unlifelikeness of Gabrielle and her associate friends of the *haute cocotte*, because such creatures are hardly in their proper or improper place on the stage, unless, indeed, used by a master-hand or an energetic moralist such as Augier or the creator of Madame Marneffe. Possibly “The Gordian Knot” is a play with a moral, if not exactly a moral play, but it is deplorably unconvincing. It required such extraordinary means to bring about the catastrophe of this belle Gabrielle that the fear of them could hardly serve as a deterrent. Nor would a terror of becoming so fatally enslaved as the Vicomte de Selignac prevent young men from beginning a liaison, for, whilst his infatuation is not incredible, it is not presented in a probable fashion, and no youth is likely to believe there is any risk of making such a fool of himself.

Possibly Gabrielle was not the real attraction to Mr. Lowther, and his chief motive was the character of Roger Martens, the humpback friend of Jean, who, so I have read, was to be a study of a modern neurotic decadent influenced by the noble passion of friendship. From the point of view of mere stagecraft, the author has missed his mark with Roger. Something strong, if rather stagey, would have come if he, out of pure courageous friendship, had deliberately in cold blood murdered the woman in order to save his friend from dishonour, but an endeavour to give subtlety and complexity to the part renders its motives and conduct obscure, whilst the dragging in of a dream—without slow music—which seems the deciding note when he does the murder, the suggestion of insanity, renders the character weak from a dramatic point of view without being really interesting as a psychological study.

After all, the chief source of weakness lies in the construction and technical treatment. Many a melodrama has marched triumphantly to a long run in which the characters are even less lifelike. The first Act presents a crowd of characters, of whom only four of any importance appear in the second, which introduces a new crowd practically unrepresented in the last. The play is long, but there is no auxiliary plot or ancillary intrigue. It has no real element of contrast; every character is detestable or contemptible, and many are irrelevant. It is not, perhaps, Mr. Lowther’s fault that the wit which he is alleged to possess does not carry across the footlights, or that his fashionable folk seem as complete strangers to the world as if they were Adelphi aristocrats unusually well-dressed. There was one really comic person, a Grand Duke, very cleverly represented by Mr. Brough, who caused hearty laughter, but for some inexplicable reason he did not appear in the second Act or third: five minutes of the Duke instead of the unrealistic roulette revelries and the little hetaira scenes would have seemed a great gain. It would be a blessing if the revellers laughed rather less. Nothing is more irritating than a boisterous revelry on the stage that does not prove infectious; and, touching on this topic, I would put in a plea for less restlessness in the acting. Nowadays, stage-managers seem to think that an interior scene ought to suggest a game of “musical-chairs,” with very short intervals for rest. If there be one thing, roughly speaking, which sharply marks the difference between French and English acting, it is that in Paris the players treat a chair as a thing to be sat upon, whilst over here it is regarded as a thing to be walked round, as if people were afraid that lumps of cobbler’s-wax might have been placed upon it.

Though no performance was remarkable, I think the Company should not be blamed. No one on our stage was so likely to give a vivid picture of Roger as Mr. Tree, and when he came to the straightforward bits of melodrama, such as the dream, he was powerful and impressive; but his endeavours to take advantage of the author’s efforts to give a note of subtlety and individuality were unsuccessful, and he seemed uneasy during the absurdities of the last Act. What could be done he did, but he could not put life into the part. Poor Mr. Taber once more had a long, empty part which he played with charm and skill, but, of course, without achieving a triumph. Miss Olga Nethersole acted with the utmost energy and sincerity as Gabrielle, and did wonders in some scenes, yet shared the fate of the others.

MAY 27, 1903

THE SKETCH.

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MISS ADA REEVE AS MISS VENTNOR, THE SMART SCHOOL-MISTRESS,
IN "THE MEDAL AND THE MAID," AT THE LYRIC.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

C

OPENING OF THE POLO SEASON: VIEWS OF RANELAGH.

(See "Small Talk of the Week.")



THE FRONT OF THE CLUB-HOUSE.



THE HOUSE FROM THE LAKE.



WATCHING A POLO-MATCH.



THE OLD AND NEW POLO-GROUNDS.



THE CROQUET-LAWNS.



THE LAKE AND BRIDGE.

SCENES FROM "THE SCHOOL GIRL,"
AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.



Mamie Reckleller Tubby Beddington Norma Rochester Violette
(Miss Billie Burke). (Mr. J. Blakeley). (Miss Whalley). (Miss Percival).

TUBBY CONFIDES HIS TROUBLES TO THE SMART AMERICAN GIRLS.



JACK MERRION (MR. TAILLEUR ANDREWS) AND SAAEFRADA,
HIS MODEL (MISS CLARITA VIDAL).



"NUNKY" (MR. G. P. HUNTERLY) BRINGS LILIAN LEIGH (MISS EDNA MAY) A BOX OF CHOCOLATES.
Photographs by L. Castwall Smith, Copyright Rotary Photographic Company, Ltd.

MR. ROBERT SAUBER AND HIS WORK.

READERS of *The Sketch* cannot fail to be interested in the three beautiful pictures by Mr. Robert Sauber which I have the pleasure of reproducing this week. The originals decorate the walls of the banqueting-hall in Lord Howard de Walden's magnificent house in Belgrave-Square. The walls of this spacious apartment are made of carved Italian walnut, and the glowing pictures are shown off to the best advantage by the rich, dark background. The subjects are classical and they are treated with remarkable refinement and grace. It is difficult to know which to admire most—the spirited group of Diana and her eager nymphs in pursuit of a stag which has taken to the water; the exquisite Amphitrite drawn along the water on a shell by Tritons and mermaids, with rosy Cupids whispering counsels; or the regal white figure of Ariadne borne aloft in a triumphal-car drawn

of his drawings have appeared in *The Sketch* and the *Illustrated London News*.

The art of Robert Sauber is very real, as has been well said by a recent critic. It is founded upon solid work and study, and his choice of subject has been most deliberate and dictated by a genuine love of a most picturesque period. As work, it is not only noteworthy for the pictorial possibilities of the costume chosen, but it commends itself even to the most superficial observer by reason of the soundness of the method employed as a means of expression and by reason of the completeness of the technique. Mr. Sauber's work is characteristic of some of the best periods of costume. The favourite period of this Watteau-like artist is the eighteenth century.

In addition to his powers as an illustrator and a painter of



"DIANA."

by tigers, led by Love, and surrounded by a group of Centaurs and Bacchantes.

These pictures have the effect of frescoes, though, in reality, Mr. Sauber paints the canvas in his studio, and it is afterwards let into the wall of its destined abode. It is well for an artist to know exactly the conditions under which his work will be seen, and delightful for the owner to possess a work of art which is designed to look its best in the room in which it is placed. A picture may be spoilt by being hung in a wrong light, but the artist who paints a decorative panel paints it so that it shall be suitable to the light in which it is to be seen.

Mr. Sauber began to study art at the early age of seventeen. He worked for some time in Paris under Benjamin-Constant, and also studied in Munich. His first success was the picture of "The Golden Lure," exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1900, and universally praised by the Press. He has exhibited many pictures in London since then, and in Paris, Munich, and other places. He is also well known to the public by his work as an illustrator, and many

allegorical subjects, Robert Sauber has decided gifts as a portrait-painter. The artist who has so high an ideal of feminine beauty ought to be very successful in painting portraits (especially of women), as he would be able to bring out all the salient points of his sitters. He has several portraits on hand at present, amongst them one of Lord Howard de Walden in an historical costume.

Mr. Sauber has just built a magnificent studio at the back of his house in Cromwell Road, and here he has placed part of his fine collection of antique furniture and tapestries. At the end of the studio hangs a grand piece of tapestry representing the funeral of Scipio, designed by Vandycck from a composition of Rubens. The drawing-room is Louis Seize and contains some very fine specimens of Aubusson tapestry, with portières and furniture to correspond. The living-room is full of beautiful old oak and wrought-iron, and the walls are in a lovely shade of red. Some beautiful Italian tapestries are let into the wall in the entrance-hall, which is painted white. In one of the reception-rooms is Mr. Sauber's latest portrait of his beautiful young wife, who has always been his greatest inspiration.

PANELS IN LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN'S HOUSE, BELGRAVE SQUARE:
PAINTED BY MR. ROBERT SAUBER.



"AMPHITRITE."



"BACCHUS AND ARIADNE."

SALLY IN THE BALLET.

BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



Illustrated by JOHN HASSALL.

I.

Of all the girls a man may find,
There's none more neat than Sally;
She wears a costume—of a kind,
And trips it in the ballet;
Her dance, each dainty wheel and run,
To what can I compare it, O?
With such a grace she whirls on one
And twirls the other airy toe!

II.

Although it's true, perhaps, that prudes
Are somewhat shocked at Sally
She is the darling of the dudes
Who come to see the ballet;
With flying feet their praise she earns,
But sober beards are shook at her
Because she spins, and twists, and turns
The heads of all who look at her!



III.

Where all are lovely past compare,
There's none to vie with Sally;
She glides and glistens here and there,
The sunbeam of the ballet;
You watch her, and abandon grief,
All cares you're soon forgetting so;
She's lighter than the lightest leaf
A breeze sets pirouetting so.

IV.

A fleecy cloud, a fleck of foam,
She dances through the ballet;
It's lucky for her folks at home
That they belong to Sally,
For now they live a life of ease,
No toil bedews them clammy,
They stand on Sally's legs, and she's
Supporting all the family!



V.

But that's, of course, behind the scenes,
It is not in the ballet;
Upon the stage a Queen of Queens,
And nothing less, is Sally.
Though coldly still at home may strike
The hand of dull ingratitude,
Here, nightly bowered, fairy-like,
She dances in beatitude.

*As tireless as a butterfly,
A glancing, dancing butterfly,
Her little, light feet flutter, fly
And twinkle through the ballet;
In gauzy skirt and frilly 'un,
She charms the gazing million,
Till many a sage and silly 'un
Goes dancing after Sally!*



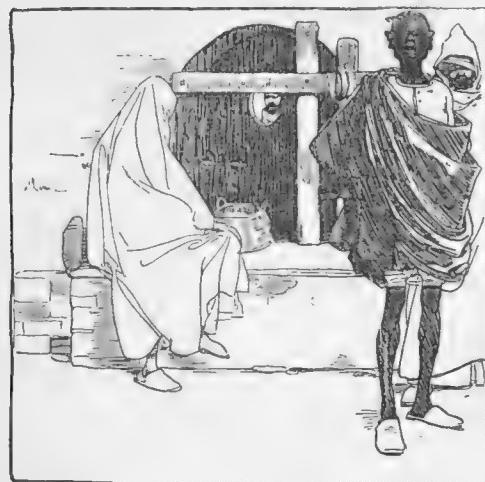
FRESH LEAVES FROM A MOORISH GARDEN.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

Illustrated by R. Forrest.

VI.—THE CORRUPTION OF JUSTICE.

THE BASHA leaned gracefully against the wall, and twitted his costly jellaba with one hand that we might see and admire the big diamond sparkling on his little finger. He is a rich man, and paid twenty-five thousand dollars for his position, a most profitable investment if half I hear be true.



A MOORISH WOMAN BY THE WICKET.

side, his thaleb, or secretary, waiting to record his decrees. The Khalifa administers what he is pleased to call justice, and has power of life and death.

He was pleased to see us, and the business of the Court was suspended forthwith.

"I come from the Basha," said my friend; "he asks you to release Malek the Riffian."

"But he cursed the Faith," replied the Khalifa, rather angrily. "How shall he go free?"

"In his great mercy," murmured my friend, "the Basha has forgiven him"; and then, seeing that the Khalifa looked incredulous, added more firmly, "If you do not believe me, send to the Basha."

"I can send a soldier," said the Khalifa, doubtfully, "but he must be paid if he is to leave his duty and carry messages."

"I will pay him," was the reply.

So the Khalifa sent an Askar, and the Askar returned within a quarter of an hour, saying it was the Basha's order that the Riffian be released at once.

"How good of you, Khalifa!" said my friend, who is quite a diplomat. He had palmed two Moorish dollars in his right hand; he shook hands with Justice, and I saw that his palm was thereafter free from its burden. The Khalifa brightened wonderfully, as though for the first time in his long career he recognised his own merits.

The soldier received a quarter-dollar and was well content.

"My thaleb must make the order for release," suggested the Khalifa, and the scribe wrote a few smooth words in Arabic and took half-a-dollar without a blush. Then we retired and the Khalifa resumed the administration of the Law.

By the wicket of the prison-house the head-jailer received the paper. He was a well-groomed man and looked as though many tips came his way.

"It is well," he said; "but I must unlock the gate." He held up a heavy key to suggest the difficulties attending the work.

Half-a-dollar was forthcoming at once.

"He is in irons," continued the jailer, putting the little tribute to his worth somewhere in the folds of his jellaba. "A man put them on; it gave trouble."

The man was by our side—a repulsive black from the Wad Noon; his face brightened with joy.

Two reals were offered and accepted.

"Another man will be required to take them off," suggested the jailer. "It is not easy to take off the irons, but I will call one who understands."

Two more reals were necessary.

The jailer seemed vexed; his ingenuity was exhausted. Here was a silver-mine brought to his door and he could not work it to the fullest extent.

"It is well," he said, after a brief pause, and we walked to the gate of the prison.

A Moorish woman was sitting by the wicket, talking to one of the prisoners within. She had a straw basket filled with food. I could see some eggs and vegetables in it. "He is a murderer and a big thief," explained the jailer; "she is his sister and feeds him every day. He will never come out." I looked in and found that the criminal's face was no index to his character. His sister had a pleasant face enough, and seemed in no way ashamed of her brother.

The jailer bade her stand aside, unlocked the wicket, and called for Malek the Riffian.

"It has pleased the Khalifa, in his mercy, to set thee free, Malek," he said, gravely; and when the assistant had removed the heavy irons that held his ankles, the Riffian made his way through the little doorway, through which a man must climb. He did not present a very pleasant sight, for the butt-ends of Martini-Henry rifles, if applied heavily enough, will do a great deal to keep a mother from recognising her son. An ordinary European must have died—I had almost added, several times—under such treatment. My safest ground for belief that this apology for a man was the sturdy Riffian who had served me formerly lay in the fact that he answered to his name and none disputed his right to do so.

We turned to go, but a sudden inspiration had come to the jailer, and he stopped us.

"Will you not give something for the prisoners?" he asked. "I myself will divide your gift among them. They are very poor."

We thought we would leave the prisoners to look after themselves, and the jailer whispered some things to himself. I fear they were not compliments.

But the Riffian had one more duty. He strode from the prison's court to the place of Justice, and, prostrating himself before the Khalifa, craved his forgiveness.

The good Judge smiled benignantly, and, extending the right hand that had received the two dollars, gave him his benediction.

S. L. BENSUSAN.



THE KASBAH.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE third volume of the magnificent Library Edition of Ruskin will be ready about June 19, and will consist of the first volume of "Modern Painters." There will be four unpublished steel engravings, with a photogravure reproduction of the portrait by G. Richmond (1843), and the Appendix will contain, among other things, the hitherto unpublished "Reply to Blackwood."

There is to be a shilling edition of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." Mr. Housman, the author, expects to have a novel ready in the autumn, as well as a book for children.

Mr. George Griffith will shortly publish a book entitled "With Chamberlain in South Africa."

Miss Violet Hunt has completed a new novel which is, I believe, the longest of her books. It will be published by Messrs. Sands and Co.

Colonel Prideaux has completed his bibliography of Robert Louis Stevenson, and it will be published uniform with the Edinburgh edition by Mr. Frank Hollings.

The Rev. G. A. Payne, who wrote a useful little book entitled "Mrs. Gaskell and Knutsford," is to publish "Edna Lyall: An Appreciation." It will contain all available information about the novels and a review of each of her stories, with bibliography. The manuscript which formed the basis of the book was read and corrected in certain details by Edna Lyall.

From interesting statistics published in the *Publishers' Circular*, it appears that there has been a steady and general increase in the exports of books. In the four years from 1897 to 1901 our export of books to France rose from over £35,000 to over £48,000, in Belgium from £17,000 to over £22,000, in Germany from £58,000 to over £72,000. It is significant that there has been a decline in Holland from £27,000 in 1897 to £20,000 in 1901. In 1897 our export to Natal was a little over £24,000, and, in spite of the War, it has more than doubled in 1901. In Cape Colony the figures dropped, but they rose from £106,000 in 1900 to £131,000 in 1901. The total British India book-trade shows an advance in the five years from £112,000 to £152,000. This is largely in school-books. Our book-trade with Australasia is steadily increasing and now reaches the large figure of nearly £500,000. Very disappointing are the figures from Canada. In 1892 they were only £73,000, and in 1901 they fell to £67,000. Of course, much of the trade with Canada goes through the United States, but it must be admitted that Canada as yet is not a book-buying Colony. Our exports to America, in spite of the heavy tariff, rose

from £305,000 to £344,000. Twenty-five per cent. is charged on all new books and new editions published within twenty years of the time of export.

These figures do not include the very large trade in books and periodicals carried by the Post Office to all parts of the world. But it should be pointed out also that new books placed by the publishers in their Colonial Library are sold at a lower price than in this country, so that the figures represent a larger number of books than might be thought. All the leading London publishers have been and are very active in the development of their trade within the Empire.

An old book-collector who has been writing some of his reminiscences has a reference to Charles Dickens. He says he remembers being served by him over the counter at his bay-windowed office in Wellington Street, Strand, on calling for his monthly publications. I never previously heard that Dickens ever stood behind his counter.

Messrs. Methuen will publish in October Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new volume of poems, "The Five Nations." It will be issued in their Colonial Library both in paper and in cloth.

Mr. E. F. Benson's new novel, "The Valkyries," a romance founded on Wagner's great opera, will be published immediately by Messrs. Dean. It will help musical people to understand the plot of the opera. In Germany, schoolboys and schoolgirls are taught the stories on which the great operas are founded.

Dr. William Barry, the author of "The New Antigone," has almost completed another novel, which he proposes to call "The Dayspring."

Mr. Sidney Lee's American tour has been a great success. He lectured at more than a score of American Universities. The lectures delivered by Mr. Lee were fourteen in number, the most important of them being eight on the "Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century," which constitute the Lowell Lectures for 1903, another set of four, on "Foreign Influences in Elizabethan Literature," forming the Donovan Lectures for this year at John Hopkins University. The remaining two lectures were one on "Shakspere Biography" and another on "The Study of English." Mr. Lee thinks that, in the study of English, American Universities are far in advance of our own. He thinks that the difference between the English spoken in America and in England by educated people is but a slight one. It seems that Mr. Lee adheres more firmly than ever to his theory of the origin of Shakspere's sonnets.

O. O.



"POPPING THE QUESTION."—V. THE PURITAN STYLE.

FOUR NEW BOOKS.

"KNITTERS IN THE SUN."
By ALGERNON GISSING.
(Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

of the reader's attention; the characters hardly know their own minds, and so, as a matter of course, render it difficult for the reader to follow the sequence of their thoughts and the action, or inaction, consequent upon them; and the method of telling such story as there is proves so complex as to be at times irritating. The hero is given to overmuch introspection, and, as the introspection of another can never be thoroughly understood even by one with the most intimate knowledge of that sanctuary of sanctuaries, the "inner-self," the result is necessarily unsatisfying. Mr. Gissing, of course, knows his own creations, but it is to be feared that there will be many who will find themselves unable to claim equal acquaintance with the mental and moral subtleties of their nature. Nor is the arrival of the inevitable other man upon the scene of domestic misunderstanding and unhappiness resulting from the impulsive marriage of the Squire and the village girl sufficient to stimulate the imagination and interest: his doings are neither audacious enough to satisfy the ultra-modern nor heroic enough to gratify the unco guid.

"THE FLAME AND THE FLOOD."
By ROSAMOND LANGBRIDGE.
(Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

This, the new volume of the "First Novel Library," in spite of a certain amateurishness, reveals so much power and spontaneity that Miss Langbridge should be encouraged to go on writing. Her style is extremely individual, and is irradiated every now and then with delightful touches of genuine humour. It is not at all a quiet, peaceful book; on the contrary, the reader's emotions are continually stretched almost to bursting point, and the love-scenes are numerous enough to satisfy the most exacting school-girl. The heroine, Susette South, the actress, seems to us to be exceedingly well drawn, and the revelation of her whole soul is a powerful and, we may add, painful bit of work. Her relations with her two old aunts in the rather sordid little household in Ireland are vividly presented, as is also her abiding friendship with Maurice, the man whom she playfully calls "the next-door boy." He is almost an invalid, and has old-fashioned ideas about the stage as a career for ladies, but he is always her devoted admirer. It would not be fair to reveal what happens, whether Susette marries Maurice or not. The great passion of her life, however, is inspired by Will Carton, a great singer, of whom Miss Langbridge draws an absolutely unforgettable picture, strongly resembling a certain well-known actor who shall be nameless; indeed, she even goes so far in one place as to mention this actor's theatre, in order that there may be no mistake. Carton is a lovely creature, full of airs and graces of the kind which make any healthy man who meets him long to kick him to pieces. Before he meets Susette, he has married an adoring little woman, which is just as well, for if he had not done so there would have been no story. Old-fashioned people undoubtedly would think this novel too full-blooded, too passionate; at the same time, it is impossible to deny its power of arresting and holding the attention of the reader.

"THE PINCH OF PROSPERITY."
By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.
(Murray. 6s.)

of "No. 5, John Street" (though we institute no odious comparisons), has sufficient momentum as fiction to carry off successfully the sociological teachings it is obviously meant to convey, and one would hope that the good seed will not fall altogether on stony ground. At the outset, before the question of the slums has appeared, Mr. Vachell launches a moral at careless publishers

The appeal of novels that are likewise tracts for the times must be sustained by more than ordinary skill in characterisation and plot if the work is not to degenerate into mere sermonising. "The Pinch of Prosperity," a story that seems to belong to the class

and editors. For the hero, Arthur Wyndquest, a poor aristocrat, wrote a novel of genius and submitted it to a publisher, with a special request for early consideration, as it was his sole chance of livelihood. The publisher, good easy man, took the manuscript home, intending to deal with it at once, but the same night he was summoned abroad to his sick wife and forgot all about the matter for months. At the office they knew nothing of Wyndquest's manuscript, for it had not been entered in the ordinary routine; inquiries were fruitless, and the author gave way to despair and drink. When the good publisher returned and realised that "his forgetfulness had wrecked a soul," he was dismayed. He advertised and inquired, until at length he found Wyndquest, rescued him from the depths, and made him famous. Then begins the story of Wyndquest the social reformer, his cousin Anthony, heir to the family title, and the twin American heiresses whom few could tell apart. The girls' freakish exchange of names before their marriage leads to some excellent complications, and the underplot of slum characters reacts refreshingly on the Mayfair scenes.

Mr. Vachell has achieved a thoroughly sound and ingenious piece of work.

"THE WIND IN THE ROSEBUSH."

By MARY E. WILKINS.
(Murray. 6s.)

Irritatingly disappointing is this latest work by Miss Wilkins. She who can be so subtle, so quaintly humorous,

who may be said to achieve "pastels" in literature, as one may term them, has wasted her talent on the production of half-a-dozen "tales of the supernatural." The only *raison d'être* for a ghost-story is the creating of a strong dramatic interest, but what avails the history of a purple gown in a haunted room which removes itself from the chair on which it is placed and has a tiresome habit of disappearing under the touch, or of a chintz that changes at will from peacocks on a blue ground to red roses on a yellow ground? Unless woven into the thread of an exciting narrative, these occurrences in themselves must necessarily fail to interest, and such trivialities, with slight variations in the weird happenings, become monotonous. There remains but the point of view of humour, and for this one must give the palm to the tale concerning the ghost of the five-year-old child who had been so overworked in her lifetime that she went on "doing chores" after death. She was rather a convenient little ghost than otherwise. If, in an untidy mood, one's jacket was left in the hall, patter-patter up the stairs came the small feet, and there she stood, clothed in a white nightgown, with the coat in her hands. The pictures are more extraordinary



MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN, AUTHOR OF
"SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT."

Photograph by Kate Fragnell, Knightsbridge.

than the stories. The ghosts preponderate, but, on the whole, they are rather less terrible than the artist's conception of living men and women.

ON THE TABLE.

"Lovely Woman." By T. W. H. Crosland. (Grant Richards. 5s.)—The author of "The Unspeakable Scot" is now letting fly at the fair sex. The tenor of the book may be judged from the opening words: "Woman, says the Greek philosopher, should be kept in a hutch at the bottom of the Garden."

"Memoirs of the Life of John Mytton." By Nimrod. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.) "The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque." By William Combe. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.) "The History of Johnny Quae Genus." By William Combe. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.) "Illustrations of the Book of Job." Invented and Engraved by William Blake. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)—These four volumes are the first-comers in "The Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books," which has for object the re-publication of some of the rare and famous books of fiction and general literature, with the illustrations which appeared in the original issues.

"Collected Verses." By Alfred Cochrane. (Longmans. 5s.)

"Robert Browning." By G. K. Chesterton. (Macmillan. 2s.)—The latest volume of the "English Men of Letters" series.

"The Heights of Hell." By Archibald Lamont. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)—This small book records the writer's experience during four hours one Saturday afternoon, hours which impressed him more than all the other hours of his thirty-two years.

"The Journal of Arthur Stirling." Revised and condensed, with an introductory sketch. (Heinemann. 6s.)—The journal of a self-educated man who wrote a tragedy in blank verse and in the twenty-second year of his age committed suicide.

"Philosophy." By Owen Wister. (Macmillan. 2s.)—A prettily illustrated little book (Pocket Novels by favourite authors). It is story of Harvard University, and, as it is from the pen of the author of "The Virginian," merits attention.

"Twixt God and Mammon." By William Edwards Tirebuck. (Heinemann. 6s.)—A posthumous novel. The scene is laid in Wales. The introductory memoir is written by Hall Caine.

"The Way of All Flesh." By Samuel Butler. (Grant Richards. 6s.)—Another posthumous novel, which, according to the introduction, was fourteen years in the writing. It deals with the theory of heredity.

"Back to the Mines." By Fisher Vane. (Hutchinson. 6s.)—This story is the experience of one who went out to South Africa twelve years ago.

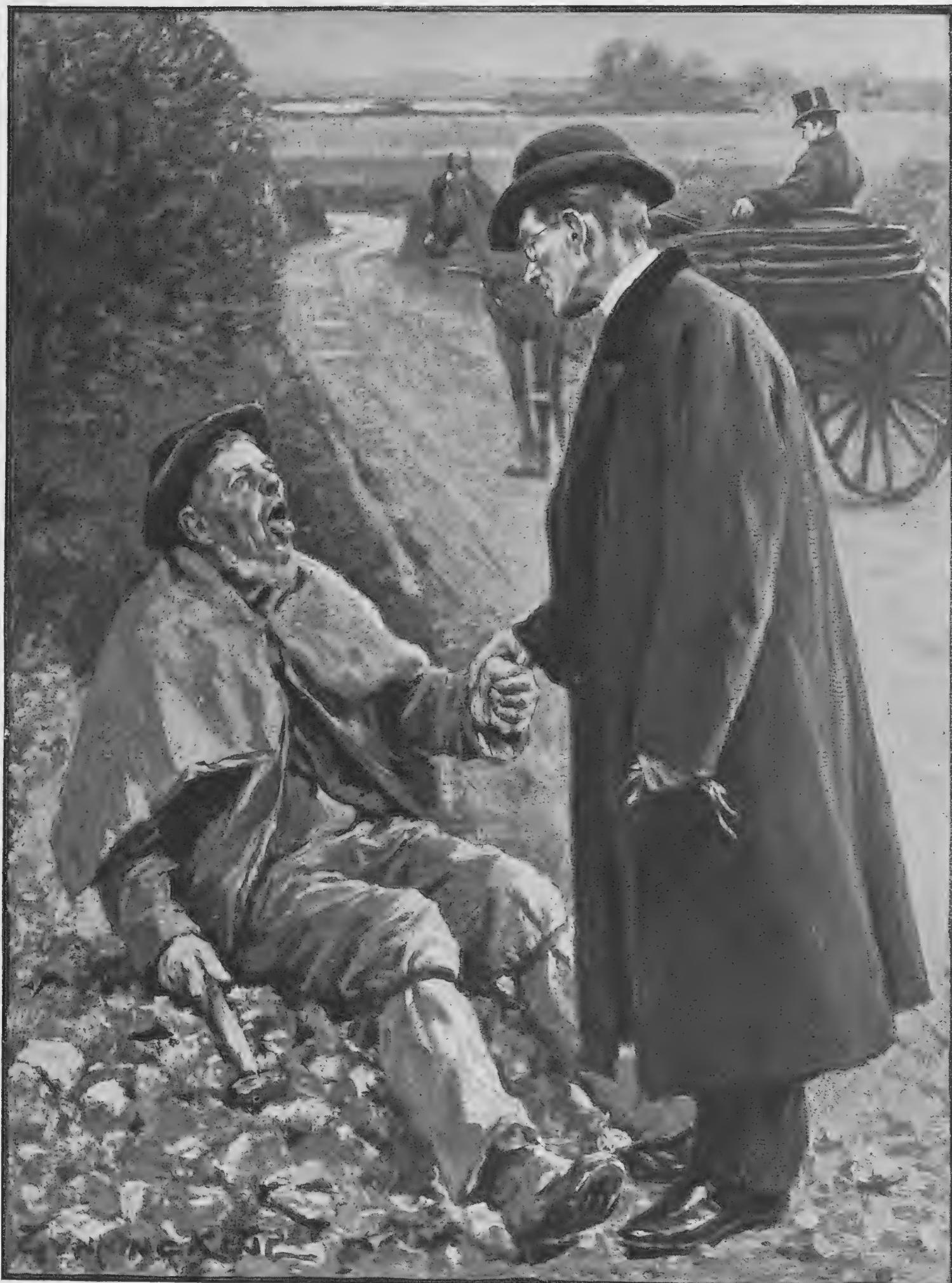


THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

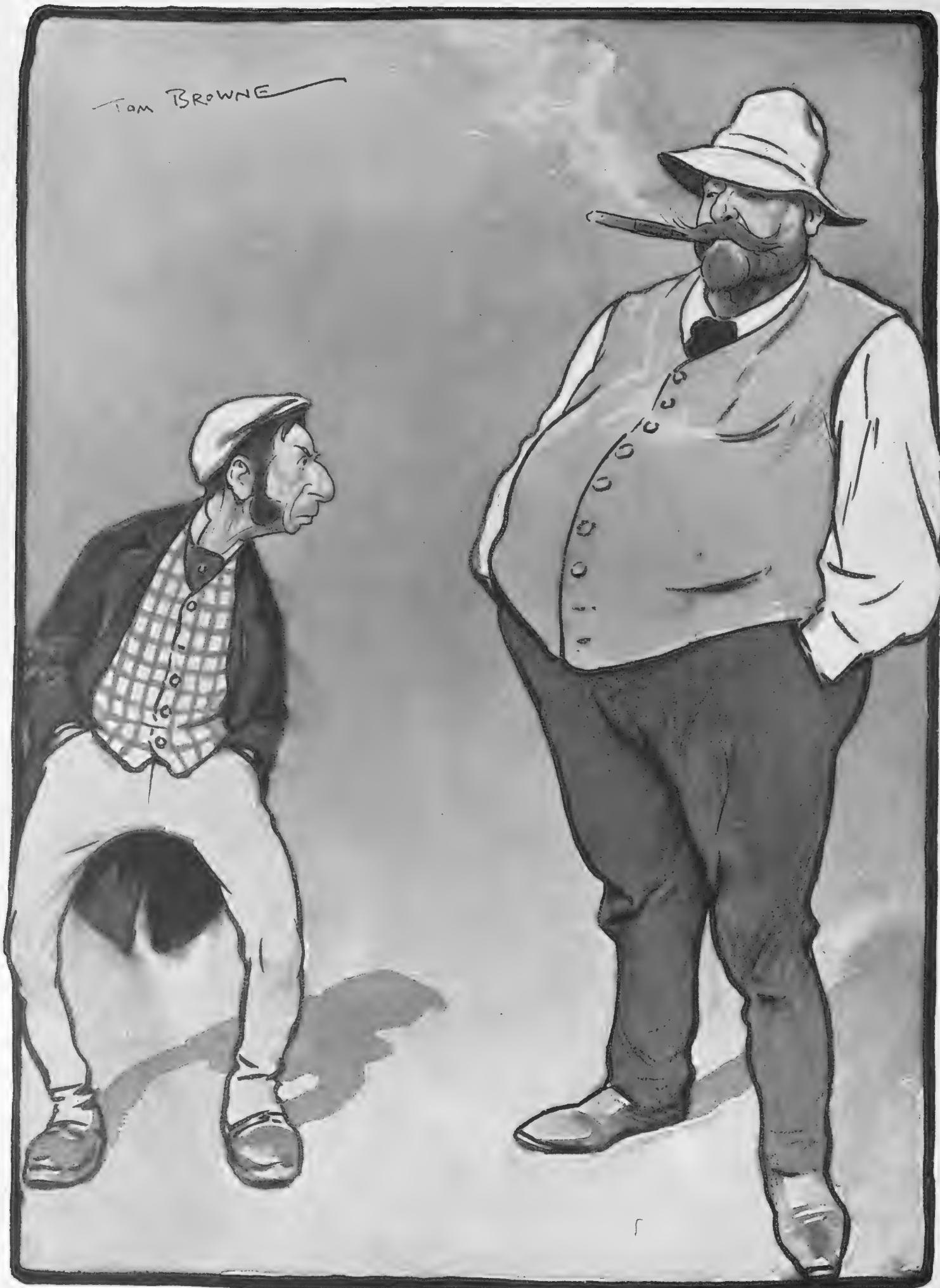
DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

LIFE IN OUR VILLAGE.

BY GUNNING KING.



II.—“THE VILLAGE DOCTOR: AN OUT-PATIENT.”



THE RETORT OBVIOUS.

STOUT MAN: Hullo! You look as if you had been riding on a barrel.
BOW-LEGGED MAN: You look as if you had swallowed one.

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.

A NOVEL
IN
A NUTSHELL.

MADAME LA COMTESSE
RECEIVES!

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.



THE woman was alone in a wilderness of beautiful rooms. A thousand electric-lights shone upon the polished floor of the white-and-gold ball-room. The ante-room was delicately fragrant with the perfume of roses; even the great staircase was banked with flowers. Servants in the livery of a great House were standing motionless in a long line; a little subdued whispering passed from one to the other. At the head of the stairs waited Jean Moussin, prince of major-domos, to-night, unlike himself, white and anxious.

"What does it mean, Monsieur Moussin?" a black-robed lady's-maid whispered in his ear. "Ten o'clock has struck, we are all prepared, and no one comes. There is not a carriage in the courtyard; the silence is as of the grave. What does it mean, Monsieur Moussin?"

Jean Moussin was grey about the face, and his voice shook. The honour of the House was his honour.

"Run away, foolish child!" he exclaimed. "You will be busy enough immediately. The clocks are fast. Run back, and do not chatter!"

The major-domo walked restlessly to and fro. The sound of carriage-wheels in the courtyard would have seemed the sweetest music to him. How wide the door would have stood open; how low his bow! But from without there came no sound at all. In the music-room behind the ball-room someone was playing the violin.

A servant touched him on the shoulder.

"Madame la Comtesse would speak with you, Monsieur Moussin!"

"I attend Madame," the old man murmured.

At once he turned to obey this summons. He passed with bowed head through the stately reception-room, around which only a short half-hour ago he had gazed with pride and pleasure. The perfume of the flowers, the soft splendour of the tapestry (a King's legacy), the glittering vista of the ball-room beyond—all these things now went for nothing. There was a ghostliness about these silent rooms, the great, empty floor polished so perfectly for the feet of the dancers. Madame la Comtesse stood alone.

She herself was the most beautiful thing there, save that in her face, as she moved forward to meet Moussin, was the look of a frightened child. She was radiant in white and pearls; in her eyes and features the undimmed splendour of youth; in her carriage and swift, graceful gestures the charm and dignity of the woman of culture and fashion. Moussin bowed low before her and stood silent.

"Moussin," she exclaimed, "what is the meaning of this? I do not understand. Are all the clocks wrong? Has anything happened outside?"

"Madame," he answered, slowly, "the clocks are right. It is a quarter past ten."

She moved impetuously to one of the six high windows and raised the blind. Beneath was a courtyard—empty. The gates were thrown wide open, and servants stood on either side—waiting. Outside in the street the stream of vehicles flowed steadily on. She dropped the blind.

"Moussin," she said, "you made no mistake in the date?"

Moussin shook his head sorrowfully.

"Madame," he said, "I have examined the card. The date is correct. Many of the journals, too, have announced that Madame receives to-night. Ah!"

He sprang to the window. The sound of wheels echoed up from the courtyard. Alas, it was but a single brougham! No other carriages followed it. The long line of vehicles which in the old days had

blocked the street was absent. Moussin also let fall the blind and turned dejectedly around.

"Madame," he said, "would it not be well if I announced to this single visitor that Madame la Comtesse is indisposed and does not receive to-night?"

She shook her head. She had not the blood of a race of conquerors in her veins for nothing. She moved towards the reception-room.

"By no means, Moussin! I will see who this daring visitor may be. Besides," she added, resting her small white hand tenderly for a moment upon his shoulder, "it would be useless. All Paris will know of this to-morrow."

Moussin hurried forward. A little sob caught in his throat. Up the stairs a tall, well-groomed young Englishman made his wondering way. A dozen servants sprang forward to receive his coat and hat. Save for those violins somewhere in the background, there was a great hush everywhere. And this, he had been told, was to be the greatest function of the Season in Paris—the reappearance into Society of the beautiful young widow of Armand, Count of Bordiere.

Moussin bowed low before him, and remained deaf to his whispered interrogation.

"Lord Herbert Wentworth!"

She moved a step forward to meet him. He, of all other men, to come thus. He held her fingers and looked straight into her eyes. It was his way, this.

"Muriel!" he exclaimed. "What does it mean?"

"It means that you have stumbled into a tragedy, my dear Lord Herbert," she answered. "Will you give me your arm?"

They walked slowly up the long, still ball-room.

"But what does it mean?" he repeated. "Have I mistaken the date? I have come over from London to be here—crossed this afternoon. All Paris was talking last week about your reception to-night."

"It means—I do not know exactly what it means," she answered. "Hush!"

They entered the music-room. The musicians were standing about talking in little groups. Martoni—the great Martoni—was lounging in an easy-chair, smoking a cigarette. He rose at once at their entrance. She looked upon them coldly.

"Signor Martoni," she said, "will you be good enough to play?" He was obviously amazed.

"But—the audience, Madame!"

"Your audience is here," she answered.

From the music-chamber they passed back into a small ante-room leading from the ball-room. The sound of the violin pursued them. Martoni, who played only for thousands, played for them.

She motioned her companion to sit by her side.

"I will tell you what I know," she said, quietly. "Afterwards I must ask you to go away. This afternoon, Armand's aunt, the Princess of Nemurs, was here. She asked me some questions."

"Well?"

"My married life, as you know," she continued, speaking with perfect self-possession, "was a magnificent failure. It appears to me now that Armand paused only in the midst of a career of dissipation to secure my wealth, by marriage, and immediately returned to—the irregularities of his former life. I bore all that I considered a self-respecting woman should bear—nay, more—but there were limits, and he reached them. I objected to provide the wardrobe and jewellery

for his little dancers. My father and his father before him worked hard and honestly for their wealth, and it seemed to me sacrilegious to see it squandered in such a fashion. So, as you know, I left my husband."

"You were right," he murmured. "I will not speak ill of the dead, but men knew him for what he was."

"I lived alone and quietly. I did my best to avoid all scandal. You yourself know, Lord Herbert, that I did not wholly succeed."

"I admit nothing of the sort," he answered, firmly. "In Paris they would gossip of the angels."

For the first time her voice shook a little. Lower and lower grew the music of the violin. To him its song seemed to have become blended with the story she told, for, though her words were cold and measured, he, at any rate, was conscious of the passion surging underneath.

"My dear friend," she said, "I will accept your belief in me as a blessed gift. I will not tell you the story of that man Lessault as I have had to tell it to-day to the Princess."

"She asked you to tell her?" he exclaimed.

"She asked me for the truth. She said that there had been talk. It was better for her to know. To every word I spoke she listened with a cold smile. When I had finished I had a horrible fear. I was not sure whether she believed me. And other callers came. She went away without a word. And to-night—see?"

There was a crash from the violin. Madame stretched out her hand. She pointed to the empty rooms. The hot colour flushed in the young Englishman's cheeks. He would have spoken, but she stopped him imperiously.

"Armand's relations all hated me for leaving him," she said, slowly. "I allowed him five thousand pounds a-year, and they called it beggary. Then there was his last strange wish, the only wish he expressed about me, that I should live in Paris—that, after my year of mourning was over, I should come back amongst his friends. I detested it! I wished to go back to America—or England; but, after those last words of his, how could I? Cannot you see, Lord Herbert, what I am forced to think? This is his revenge—his and theirs. Oh, it is such a hateful thought! I wanted to think kindly of him, and the Princess was always gracious to me. Yet—"

He interrupted her.

"It looks pretty bad," he admitted, cheerfully, "although I never thought the Princess would stoop to such a thing. But, after all, every tragedy has its lucky side for someone, and I should never have had this tête-à-tête with you if your rooms had been crowded with guests."

"Your tête-à-tête appears to be assured," Madame la Comtesse remarked, with a faint smile. "You may even look forward to taking me in to supper."

"Oh, but I am serious—very serious, Muriel!" he said, suddenly leaning towards her. "You know why I came the moment you would see me. I have been very patient, but I cannot wait any longer."

"Do you mean that you want to go?" she asked, looking at him with wide-open eyes.

"You know what I mean!" he answered, vigorously. "I want you to marry me."

She drew a little away from him.

"After this?" she murmured, waving her fan towards the ball-room.

He laughed scornfully.

"In England," he said, "there will be nothing of this sort to fear. I do not think that anyone whom the Duchess of Middlesex bids to her house will hesitate about coming, and there is no one whom my mother cares for as she does for you."

She was silent. He saw that her composure was broken at last. She was trembling all over.

"Herbert," she whispered, "I—but this hurts me. I cannot bear to come to you now. People will say that you married me out of pity—or for my money."

He bent over her and kissed her.

"Let them say what they will, dear," he whispered. "What do I care so long as the woman I love—?"

They sprang guiltily apart. They looked at one another, and the Countess's hands flew to her hair. He pulled up the blind.

"Why, all Paris is here!" he cried. "Look!"

A carriage was standing before the door. The courtyard and street were blocked with an endless succession of vehicles. Across the ball-room floor came old Moussin, stumbling with haste and with the tears streaming down his face.

"Madame, Madame!" he exclaimed, "it is the printer! He should be guillotined, the miscreant! The cards said eleven till two, not ten, and I—idiot that I am!—I looked not at the time. It wants still a quarter of an hour, and the streets are impassable—a sight marvellous indeed! Madame will receive?"

"Certainly, Moussin," she answered, calmly. "I am prepared."

She moved forward. Lord Herbert stayed by her side.

"But you!" she exclaimed. "How is it that you are here an hour before your time?"

"I never looked at the card," he admitted. "I arrived at nine, and I simply hurried here."

"It was good fortune indeed," she murmured, with a faint, sweet smile. "You have had your tête-à-tête, and you have helped me through a bad half-hour. Please stand a little further away from me, and look as though you had just arrived."

Moussin, erect and dignified, bowed low at the entrance. Never had he possessed more of the grand manner, never had his voice sounded more full and imposing.

"Monsieur et Madame le Prince et Princesse de Nemurs!" he announced. "Madame la Duchesse de Genares! His Excellency the Duke of Estferel!"

Moussin paused, for he had need of his breath. Behind, the staircases were packed. The courtyard and street were blocked. The guests of Madame la Comtesse had arrived.



"THE MERRY MONTH."—DRAWN BY LOUIS WAIN.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



M R. ARTHUR WING PINERO, who last Sunday reached the mature age of forty-eight, will, I learn, next be represented in London by a piece which he is writing for production at the Duke of York's in the comparatively late autumn. In pursuance of a resolve of which I duly informed *Sketch* readers some time ago,



MISS MARION WINCHESTER, A CLEVER AMERICAN DANCER
NOW APPEARING AT THE OXFORD.

Photograph by Marceau, New York.

Mr. Pinero will, on this occasion, depart from his recent more or less tragic method and will regale us with comedy work. Mr. Pinero's new play for the Haymarket—not due til' a good while after the Duke of York's production—will also be in his lighter vein. It is so long since Mr. Pinero's last contribution to the London stage—that powerful play "Iris," to wit—that we shall all be glad to see him again represented. In the meantime, of course, we shall see the tragedy of "Iris"—for it is a tragedy if ever there was one—presented in the French tongue by Madame Sarah Bernhardt.

The French translation of "Iris" is to be "produced," for Madame Bernhardt by Mr. Dion Boucicault, who will also impersonate, in Madame's own language, his original character of the faithful "watch-dog," Croker Harrington. Like his late eminent albeit erratic father, Mr. Boucicault is a master of the French tongue, instead of speaking it, as too many English actors do, in the fashion mentioned by Chaucer, namely, "after ye Schole of Stratford-atte-Bowe, For French of Paris is to them unknowe."

The career of Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero has indeed been remarkable. After working hard in the daytime and diligently attending classes at the Birkbeck Institute in the evening, the dramatist came out as a juvenile actor. At the Lyceum, under the skilful guidance of Henry Irving, he became quite a useful actor in sundry important light characters, such as Roderigo. It was on the first-night of Irving's revival of "The Corsican Brothers" at the Lyceum that young Pinero, on making his entrance as Alfred de Meynard when the curtain rose, was taken by many of the audience for Irving himself, and so was greeted with the "reception" intended for the eminent

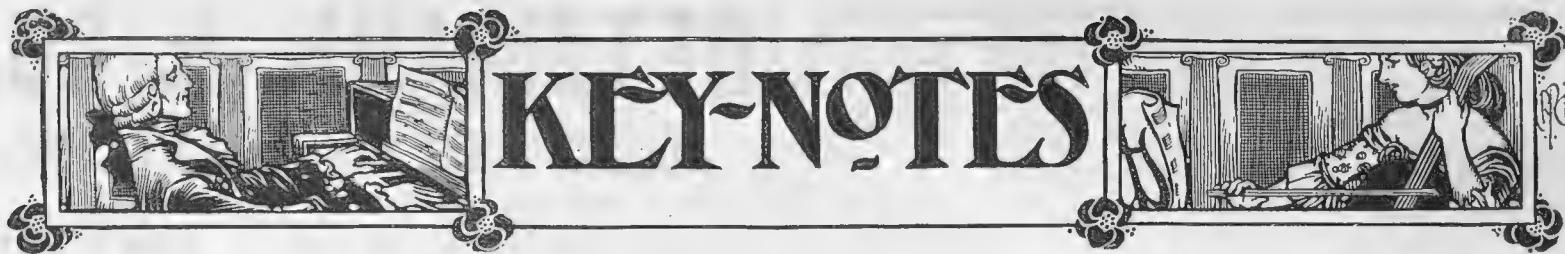
"star." When Irving soon afterwards entered, as Fabien dei Franchi the audience, having discovered their mistake, were a little lukewarm as though chary of falling into error again. It was while Pinero was under Sir Henry's "banner" that the eminent actor-manager, ever keen to note the true bent of those working with him, offered him fifty pounds to write a short front-piece. Pinero responded with "Daisy's Escape," a clever little curtain-raiser. His only previous play-writing effort had been a very trivial trifle called "Two Hundred a-Year." Soon after this, Pinero wrote "Girls and Boys" for Toole's Theatre, where he met and married Miss Myra Holme, and, later on, the farcical comedy called "Imprudence," the title of which he has just given to Mr. Esmond's new play, due at the Criterion in September. With "The Squire," which followed soon after, Mr. Pinero's claims as a playwright became established, and with a few impersonations (including that of Sir Anthony Absolute in the Bancroft's revival of "The Rivals" at the Haymarket) his career as an actor ended. Sooth to say, his achievements as a player were not particularly great, but while acting he gained that deep knowledge of stage technique which has proved so valuable to him both in writing and "producing" his plays. Those of us who knew young Pinero in his struggling days find him still the lively, good-hearted, modest comrade that he was then.

Mr. Frank Curzon, who has just decided to produce Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox's adaptation of MM. Hennequin and Duval's play, "Le Coup de Fouet," at the Criterion this day (Wednesday) week, has, I learn, also decided to reconstruct the Avenue, removing the gallery, as he did at the Criterion.

The new ballet, "Carmen," continues to delight visitors to the Alhambra. Some account of it appeared in these pages on its successful first representation, but this may be supplemented here by a short synopsis. Both Prosper Mérimée's story and Bizet's music have been to a great extent adhered to, Mr. Charles Wilson having adapted the former, and Mr. George W. Byng having added to the latter several dances of his own composition. The ballet is in five scenes, the first representing a square in Seville. Full of life and movement, this ends with the arrest of Don José, who has connived at Carmen's escape. Scene two shows the interior of the military prison where he is confined, Scene three the inn where the Gipsy smugglers rendezvous, Scene four a Rocky Pass, with Don José now a member of the smuggler band. Scene five, "Outside the Plaza de Toros," ends with the stabbing of Carmen by the jealous Don José after her refusal to abandon the toreador Escamillo. Señorita Guerrero's dancing and pantomime as Carmen could scarcely be surpassed, M. Volbert is excellent as Don José, Miss Edith Slack gives a graceful and clever performance as Escamillo, and the harmonious colouring, tuneful music, and clever dancing of the rest of the Company complete one of the most notable achievements of the Alhambra in the special province it has made its own.



"CARMEN" AT THE ALHAMBRA: A GROUP OF GIPSY GIRLS.
Photograph by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



A MOST interesting event in the musical world has been the Beethoven Festival, now in course of its progress at the Queen's Hall. The first performance took place last Saturday week, under the conductorship of Herr Felix Weingartner; the series will consist of eight concerts, the whole concluding next Monday. Apart from its historical interest, the first concert was bound not to be of so much interest as those that followed, for the programme was, of course, chosen from the great Master's earlier works. The First Symphony cannot be said to possess very great interest, but it was played on this occasion most admirably. Miss Fanny Davies, Professor Johann Kruse, and Mr. Percy Such played an early Concerto for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, not with very great distinction, and the programme also included the Overture to "Egmont" and the Overture and Entr'acte from the Ballet "Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus."

At the second Concert of the Festival two Beethoven Symphonies were given, No. 2 in D Major, and No. 3 in E-flat ("Eroica"). Here the genius of Herr Weingartner was especially noticeable; he played in such a manner as to fully realise the advancement of Beethoven from his younger art into his elder manner. In the "Eroica" Symphony the movement known as the "Funeral March" was given with a most intense passion, showing Weingartner's wonderful insight into Beethoven's musical intention very clearly indeed. Prof. Johann Kruse played the solo part in the Romance in F Major for violin and orchestra, and Miss Agnes Nicholls, who was the vocalist of the evening, sang a Recitative and Air from "Fidelio."

Last week at the St. James's Hall Herr Kreisler gave a violin recital. He is a really great player, so great, indeed, that one felt very keenly that there should not have been a larger audience to listen to him. His playing of Pugnani's "Preludium" and "Allegro" was altogether excellent, displaying, as it did, his technical accomplishment and his true tenderness of style. These were followed by Vieuxtemps' Concerto (No. 2 in F-sharp Minor), and, though we do not admire Vieuxtemps' violin compositions very much, Kreisler played it very finely indeed. He was magnificent in the Finale. He also played Tartini's "Trillo del Diavolo," the cadenza of which he had written himself, and in which he displayed all the resources of his fine technical accomplishment.

At Covent Garden, Madame Suzanne Adams made her reappearance a few nights ago in "Roméo et Juliette." Madame Adams is in every way a very charming Juliette, possessing, as she does, a very beautiful voice and looking the part to perfection. This is all, indeed, that is

required for this rôle, as the part of Juliette calls for no particular fineness of acting. M. Salignac was the Romeo, and, though good, he was at times somewhat unequal. Mdlle. Bauermeister took the part of Gertrude, and M. Journet that of the Friar, both artists singing with distinction.

In the second performance this season at the Opera of "Pagliacci" Miss Fritz Scheff made an altogether charming Nedda. All her little airs and graces, which so admirably suit the rôle, really made of it a most exquisite performance. Signor Scotti's Tonio was exceedingly striking, and the chorus quite distinguished itself on this occasion, singing and acting remarkably well under Signor Mancinelli's able conductorship.

An altogether impressive début was made at the Bechstein Hall on Wednesday afternoon by Mr. Zacharewitsch as a violinist. He is a very excellent artist indeed, and, though at times he was a trifle harsh, he never swerved from the true pitch. He played Tartini's "Trillo del Diavolo" and Bach's "Chaconne" exceedingly well, and he is an artist, in a word, whom we shall hope to hear again very soon. Miss Madeline Payne was the pianist of the afternoon, and rendered very valuable assistance to the hero of the occasion.

At the St. James's Hall last Thursday, Hegedüs (as he likes to call himself) gave a violin recital of quite considerable interest. He plays extremely well, with a kindling feeling that seems to lie behind his actual technique. That technique is, it may be said, extremely fine. In Paganini's "Study" Hegedüs was at his best. In Beethoven's Trio (Op. 70, No. 1) he was excellent, but scarcely so fine as to justify the omission of any style or title in

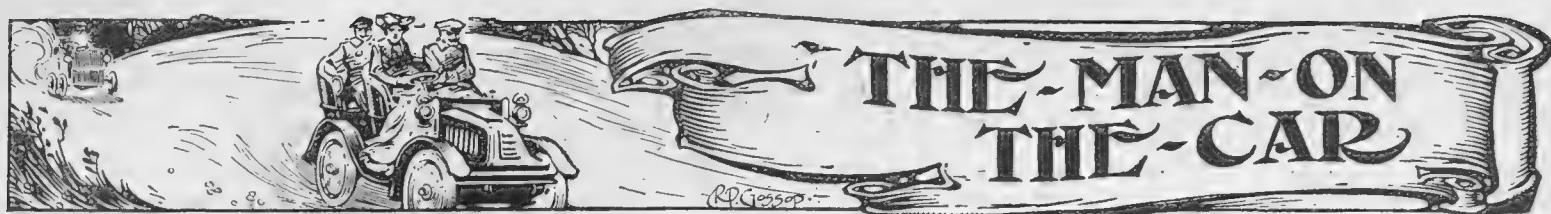
front of his name. The pose is, of course, absurd; and, though Mr. Hegedüs is really a fine player, he cannot afford yet to rank with the immortals, for, though we speak of Mozart, we still write of Herr Joachim.

COMMON CHORD.

Miss Susan Strong is very proud of the pencil-drawing of herself which Mr. Sargent, the great portrait-painter, recently presented her with. Miss Strong, who made her first appearance at Covent Garden in 1895, is an American and was born at Brooklyn. On her début she made a great success in the rôle of Sieglinde ("Walküre"). Since then she has added several other Wagnerian parts to her répertoire, in many of which she has been heard at Covent Garden. It is not generally known that the very effective dress which she wears as Sieglinde was designed by Mr. Sargent.



PENCIL-DRAWING OF MISS SUSAN STRONG BY JOHN SARGENT, R.A.



The Speed-Limit and Numbering—Glasgow to London—Gordon Bennett Race.

FROM the Trowbridge speech of Mr. Long and the debate opened by Lord Wemyss in the Lords last week, it is clear that motor legislation is to be revised, and that right early. Just what form the new legislation will take I cannot at the moment say, but that registration and numbering in some shape or other will arrive is certain. Of course, it is irritating to contemplate the display of a number on some part or other of one's vehicle; but if by this we can be freed from the present idiotic speed-limit and the un-English police-traps, the burden will be easier to bear. But for the unthinking, selfish cads who have thought it brave to blaze up and down the country on fast cars without regard for anyone's convenience or enjoyment but their own, we might have obtained the abolition of the speed-limit and have been saved alive from the indignity of a number-plate. Still, our fellow automobilists across the Channel do not seem very many pennies the worse for the plaques they carry, and in time, remembering what many of us have suffered at the hands of the Hodge constable, armed with a stop-watch made in Germany, we may grow unconscious of those we shall be caused to display. I note an agitation is on foot to exclude the electric cab-cars that are now so prominent a feature of West-End traffic from the numbering clause, and there is considerable outcry amongst automobilists generally against any favouritism of the kind. If the speed of these cars is limited to ten miles per hour, and they are not permitted to travel beyond the bounds of suburban London, I see no reason why they should not be exempt.

The Glasgow-London non-stop run may fairly be said to have established the reliability of motor-cars in running long distances in this country. When no less than twenty-one cars set out for a journey of 403 miles and no less than nineteen get through without any serious trouble, it will not be suggested that the motor-car as we have it to-day is an unreliable means of road-locomotion. Of course, the honours of the trip go to those cars that actually ran through without a stop of any kind, and the four that were successful in achieving so remarkable a result were, I am indeed glad to chronicle, all of English manufacture. From Leeds to London the writer was courteously

accommodated with a seat upon the 12 horse-power Argyll driven by that skilful chauffeur, Mr. Alec Govan, and, as it was necessary under penalty to keep within the minimum time allotted between stages, I was afforded an opportunity of testing one of Messrs. S. Smith and Son's Registered Speed Indicators. My readers may recall the description of this ingeniously dialled instrument I gave in these columns some time back, and will remember that after the chronograph part of the watch has been started and stopped to mark the space of time occupied in covering a mile, the red figures on the dial permit the speed of travelling in miles per hour to be at once read off the face of the watch. Now, presuming that the stage is forty miles in length, and the allotted minimum time for covering same is two and a-half hours, it is clear that the car must not travel at a greater average speed than sixteen miles per hour for fear of disqualification. So, with Messrs. Smith and Son's Speed Indicator in hand, the driver can be kept continuously informed of the speed at which he is travelling, and the irritating crawls over the last few miles of a stage, which so frequently occur when the speed throughout is not carefully checked are avoided. No automobilist should lack one of these most interesting and moderately priced instruments. Whenever there are milestones on the road, they add interest to a run.

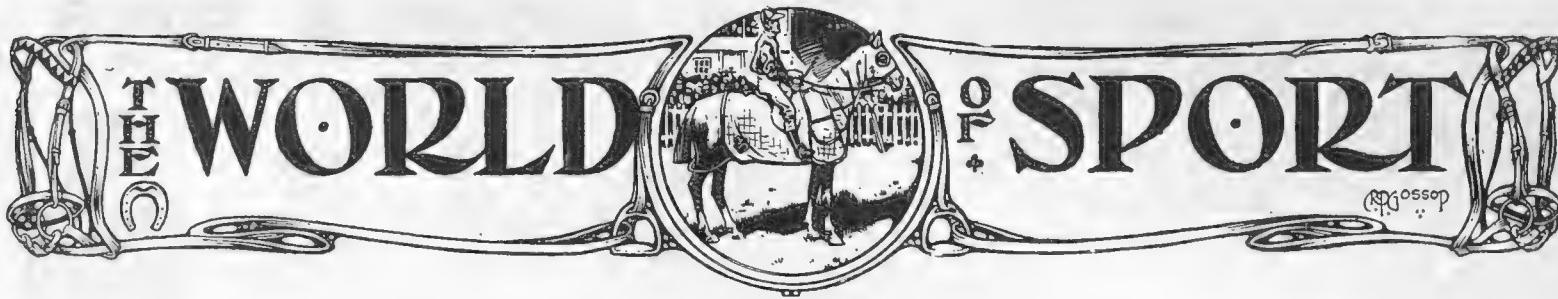
The fact that the horse-power of the three Napier cars, which were pitted against the Star car in the Eliminating Trials at Welbeck, ranged round 30 horse-power, and the potentiality of certain of the foreign cars entered for the Gordon Bennett race was stated to be well over a hundred, gave rise to some fear that our English champion cars had not been constructed with sufficient *vim* under the motor-bonnet. These qualms are, however, more or less set at rest by the announcement that the two cars to be driven by Messrs. S. F. Edge and Charles Jarrott respectively will be propelled by engines of at least 110 horse-power each, and are geared to travel on the level at not less than ninety miles per hour. Although they do not exceed the thousand kilogrammes weight-limit, these cars are longer than the trio above referred to, and have their engines set much farther back than usual, in order to get all possible driving effect on the back-wheels.

MR. OLIVER STANTON.

MR. PERCY RICHARDSON.



MR. PERCY RICHARDSON, MANAGER OF THE DAIMLER MOTOR COMPANY, AND MR. OLIVER STANTON, THE KING'S MOTOR EXPERT.
Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.



Epsom—The Derby—Future Events.

I WAS surprised to read an advertisement the other day in which a box and some sheds were offered for the Epsom Summer Meeting. I had understood that the "house" had been booked some months back; so it had, but, unfortunately, a few people find it impossible to use their seats and the tickets have to be sold over again. When the King and Queen attend a race-meeting, all the best parts of the ground

are crowded and the Club Enclosure is filled to overflowing. True, at Epsom ladies are not admitted to the Club Enclosure, but they occupy the best positions on the stands. The country around Epsom is looking at its very best just now; the trees are in full bloom and the birds are singing their loudest. With three railways running into the town, the attendance is bound to be a big one, but I do not think the road-traffic will be up to the average, as coaching is a bit off just at present owing to the craze for motoring and biking. Further, it is possible to do a fair morning's work in the City and catch one of the convenient

specials that run from the City to Tattenham Corner, and get on to the scene in ample time to see the start for the first race. Half-day holiday could, in fact, do the meeting in ease and comfort.

It looked at one time as though the Derby would be practically a dead-letter as far as speculation was concerned, but there is life in the old race yet, and opinions are as plentiful as peas in a pod. To take the book literally, it looks a good thing for Rock Sand, who won the Two Thousand Guineas like a real smasher. Flotsam is a good colt, and many people argue that his form in the Middle Park Plate, where he beat Rock Sand, is very likely to be reproduced at Epsom this week. Readers of this column are aware that throughout the early winter months I sang the praises of the King's colt, Mead, but he has not come on as well as expected and may not be at his best before the autumn. I know he is a good one, and he is, in my opinion, far and away the best three-year-old in R. Marsh's stable when at his very best. The French colt, Vinicius, if brought to the post fit and well, is certain to have a big following. Indeed, the foreigners have been piling on the money for months past with a view to Waterloo being "completely and entirely" avenged this time. Somehow, foreign horses seldom run well at Epsom, and I shall give Rock Sand to win, Flotsam to come second, and Mead for third place. I fancy Sunrise for the Oaks, and Smilax for the Coronation Cup.

There will be the usual plethora of Bank Holiday meetings held on Whit-Monday, but backers should play light, as form generally comes badly undone at holiday meetings, owing, in the main, to the scarcity of good jockeys. The riders to follow on those days are O. Madden, W. Lane, Watts, and Trigg, the last-named a very useful apprentice who has a man's head and hands. He is, I am told, very likely to ride Cliftonhall to victory in the Manchester Whitsuntide Cup. The horse, it will be remembered, was just beaten by Ypsilonlanti for third place in the Lincoln Handicap, and the form has worked out well. Friar Tuck is very likely to run well at Manchester, although John Porter does not often score in big handicaps. I think Our Lassie will be very close to the winner, and it is just on the cards that this filly will show us that her trial before the Lincoln Meeting was no fluke. At present, I shall couple Syneros with Our Lassie in my hunt after the winner. In all big handicaps, backers who know nothing special should wait until the day before launching out, as it is

becoming more evident than ever that big coups are being frequently engineered by a smart division who do the bulk of their business with the starting-price merchants.

CAPTAIN COE.

The death of poor Arthur Shrewsbury by his own hand is a sad ending to a career which in the cricketing world had hardly a parallel. While Dr. Grace has for so many years occupied the foremost place among amateurs, Shrewsbury may be said to have been a worthy prototype in the ranks of the professionals. Of a quiet, retiring disposition, Arthur Shrewsbury had yet earned a reputation in this country and the Antipodes which might well have turned the heads of most men, and his graceful style and mastery of all kinds of bowling were a delight to the lovers of cricket. He was seen at his best on a difficult wicket, for then, while his fellow batsmen were doing little but walking to and from the pavilion, he on more than one memorable occasion obtained an absolute mastery over the bowling. Only last season his form for a man of his age was remarkably good, and for the first time in his life, playing for Notts against Gloucester, he made two separate centuries in one match. Though, naturally, he had many rivals, Arthur Shrewsbury was acknowledged to be the greatest professional batsman of his day.

Mr. Linley Sambourne is in the delightful position of being one of the most popular draughtsmen in the world. He leapt at one bound from an engineer's office to the *Punch* Round Table, and in four short years he will be able to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the day when Mark Lemon, delighted with a number of sketches which he had seen done by the brilliant boy, sent for him and placed him on the staff of the leading comic journal of the world. It must be very pleasant to feel that one has added essentially to the gaiety of nations, but Mr. Linley Sambourne, as he has often proved in his remarkable cartoons, can touch that deep note which is akin to tears. When engaged on political caricature, his first aim is, very rightly, to secure a striking likeness, for he considers that, unless that is caught successfully, the significance of all the rest is lost. Among the many designs made by him of late years and which have delighted hundreds of thousands—it might almost be said, millions—of eyes is the cover of *The Sketch*. *Academy Notes* also owes its charming cover to him, and among the books he has illustrated with remarkable insight and success is that nursery classic, "The Water-Babies."



THE LATE ARTHUR SHREWSBURY.
Photograph by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.



MR. LINLEY SAMBOURNE, THE "PUNCH" CARTOONIST.
Photograph by Kate Pragnell, Knightsbridge.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

A FRIEND said to me, the other day, that he never knew the difference between summer and winter in London until the pink and blue parasols appeared in the Park. Poor London, and still more poor Londoners! Of course, it was a scornful bucolic fresh from West Country pasturages who contemned our twilight existence



[Copyright.]

BLUE SERGE WITH RED, WHITE, AND BLUE TRIMMING.

in this fashion. Nevertheless, pink parasols in the Park are a cheerful sign, and it was with considerable lightening of the spirit that one at last, if somewhat tentatively, donned gay raiment for the first fine weather last week and ventured forth to gaze at neighbouring fashions in the Row and Bond Street. Certainly the hats are most beguiling, and the *chapeau bergère* with tiny wreathlets of roses and frills of delicate lace recalling the picturesque past is very becoming to young faces. The revival of gorgeous Leghorns, with long, drooping ostrich-feathers encircling the crown and waving over the brim, recalls the days when lovely Eugénie de Montijo set the fashions in France and the expensive Third Empire rioted in costly clothes.

Another old fashion revived is the trimming of large black chip hats with waving white plumes. Infinitely becoming is the ostrich-feather, and the artistic ways in which past-mistresses of millinery now employ it greatly enhance its effects. Some feathers are passed through the brims of hats, so that the ends nestle on the hair, others sweep about the crown, but none stand erect as of yore. This is an emphatically drooping Season; boas, pelerines, hat-brims, and garnishings all have a downward tendency, and even the round tulle toque, with osprey erect and general air of smartness, has dropped out of fashion's first flight.

Then the black gowns of this year are also so entirely charming that, if anything could reconcile one to the widowed state and the obligation to dine now and then quite alone, it would be the *deuil* and *demi-deuil* of 1903. A black, silk net frock, *par exemple*, worn by a bronze-haired, newly bereaved friend, enthralled me excessively this

week. It had black crystal fringes edging wide blonde lace "flouncings" draped all over the skirt, with sparkling tassels of cut jet at every available point, with fluffy ruches upon ruches at foot to give effect to the figure. Another of this inconsolable's frocks was black mousseline-de-soie veiled in Chantilly net of finest, lightest texture, quantities of shining jet making lines of sombre light about the outline of figure. Decidedly "black's the thing" for those who can affect it expensively. Far from being, as Olga Nethersole had it in a recent play, "the uniform of the poor," it is the very embodiment of the prosperous—but when rendered in a certain way, *bien entendu*.

A change has certainly come over the spirit of an Englishwoman's dress of late, and the days of Frith or Leech's undecorative British female seem very far away. If proof were needed of the advanced artistic spirit of our leading dressmakers, it would be found in such facts as that French actresses and *mondaines* of acknowledged light and leading should employ English firms, as has just happened with the house of Redfern, from whom Madame Jane Hading lately commissioned no less than forty costumes for her great tour, which starts at the Coronet Theatre early in June. Exceptional ability obtains exceptional recognition, as in this case, for not alone were the forty frocks admittedly masterpieces, but the proof of that fact came in a subsequent order for ten other supplementary costumes, which, through stress of business, Messrs. Redfern were unable to execute in time. The South Americans who spend so lavishly on dress will have an opportunity of seeing Fashion as she is spoke by Redfern shortly, as Jane Hading will visit all the principal South American towns in this tour.

With the trebly welcome advent of hot weather the time of iced coffee at tea-parties and other signs of summer has definitely arrived, and, for the benefit of those who would like a quick and easy recipe for the above-mentioned beverage, let me recommend a new form of liquid coffee, called "Cafolin." Distilled from freshly roasted coffee



[Copyright.]

A GRACEFUL GOWN OF VOILE WITH MOTIFS OF GUIPURE LACE.

in a scientific way, the new essence is a great advance on all other liquids of the kind. It makes capital puddings and ices with the minimum amount of trouble and the maximum of flavour. The two-ounce bottles are cheap for a shilling, double the quantity can be had for one-and-nine, and, lastly, for those who cannot get it from the grocer, a line to 20, Eastcheap, where the Cafolin Company has headquarters, will ensure immediate attention to orders.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELFIE (Plymouth).—You must, of course, wait until you are called upon. But surely, with proper introductions, there can be no difficulty. I think you are wrong in some of your ideas. Society is obliged to safeguard itself to a certain extent, though the barriers are not so insurmountable but that many "outsiders" climb over. As you are in mourning, why not put the four bridesmaids into white crêpe-de-Chine gowns, with large black chip hats profusely trimmed with white feathers? These are now very fashionable.

TRILBY (Park Street).—(1) The way to save trouble would be to give the contract for your windows and balconies to a florist; but, of course, it costs more. (2) The tale veils are rather hot, but one can see through them better than the thick gossamer. The Claxton veil is a good compromise though. For the dress either tussore or dust-coloured silk alpaca is the most practical.

SYBIL.

WHITSUN HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

THE SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY

announce that special excursion-tickets will be issued to Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne, by the service leaving Charing Cross at 2.20 p.m. to-morrow, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, and by the 10 a.m. and 2.20 p.m. services on Saturday. They will also be issued by the night mail service leaving Charing Cross at 9 p.m. and Cannon Street at 9.5 p.m. each evening from to-morrow to Sunday inclusive, via Dover and Calais, returning from Paris at 2.40 p.m. via Boulogne, or 8.40 p.m. via Calais, any day within fourteen days. A cheap excursion to Boulogne will leave Charing Cross at 2.20 p.m. on Saturday, returning at 12.5 or 7.10 p.m. on Whit-Monday. Cheap return-tickets available for eight days will be issued at Charing Cross from to-morrow to Monday inclusive, available by the 10 a.m. and 2.20 p.m. services. Similar tickets will also be issued to Calais by the 9 a.m. and 9 p.m. services. Many facilities are also given to those who wish to visit Holland and Belgium during the holidays. The home arrangements include cheap return-tickets and excursions to the seaside resorts and other places on their system.

THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY

have adopted an admirable plan of issuing an A. B. C. Programme of excursion facilities for the Whitsuntide Holidays. Cheap excursions are announced from London (Marylebone), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan Stations to Stratford-on-Avon, Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Huddersfield, Halifax, Bradford, Manchester, Scarborough, North-East Coast, Liverpool, Southport, North-West Coast, and other holiday resorts reached by this Company's expeditious and picturesque route. The Programme is well arranged, for, in addition to the stations being in alphabetical order, the times of starting, periods of availability of ticket, fares, dates, and times of return can be seen at a glance. Copies can be obtained free at Marylebone Station and the Company's Town Offices and Agencies. For simplicity and facility of reference it would be difficult to beat this very lucid guide.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY

will run cheap excursion trains from London (St. Pancras, City, and Suburban Stations) to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, &c., for sixteen days, via Liverpool, to-morrow (May 28), and via Morecambe, on Friday; also to Belfast, Londonderry, and Portrush (for Giant's Causeway), via Barrow and via Liverpool, on Thursday, to return within sixteen days as per bill of sailing. On Friday night, to Carlisle, Castle Douglas, Dumfries, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, Ballater, &c., returning the following Friday, by which third-class return tickets at about a single ordinary fare for the double journey will also be issued, available for returning on any day within sixteen days. On Saturday, to Leicester, Nottingham, Newark, Lincoln, Birmingham, Walsall, Derby, Manchester, Liverpool, Wigan, Blackpool, Bolton, Leeds, Scarborough, Newcastle, the Furness and Lake Districts, Carlisle, &c., returning the following Monday, Thursday, or Saturday. Many other excursions will also be run.

THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY

announce that cheap excursions will be run from London (Woolwich Arsenal and Dockyard), Greenwich (S. E. and C.), Victoria (S. E. and C.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (G.N.), &c., on Friday, May 29, for eight or sixteen days to Northallerton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Alnwick, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Helensburgh, Stirling, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other stations in Scotland. Friday night, May 29, for three, six, or eight days to Batley, Bradford, Dewsbury, Doncaster, Grantham, Halifax, Keighley, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Newark, Nottingham, &c. Saturday, May 30, for three, six, or eight days, to Cambridge, Ramsey, Huntingdon, Lynn, Norwich, Cromer, Yarmouth, Spalding, Boston, Grimsby, Lincoln, Nottingham, and other principal stations in the Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and North-Eastern Districts; also for one, three, or four days to Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

issue ordinary as well as excursion tickets at their City and West-End offices, where tickets can be obtained throughout this week. Tickets can also be obtained at Clapham Junction, Battersea, Chelsea, Kensington (Addison Road), Hammersmith, Acton, Ealing, and other suburban stations. Excursions will be run to Reading, Pangbourne, Swindon, Bath, Bristol, Ilfracombe, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Penzance, Weymouth, Channel Islands, Oxford, Worcester, Malvern, Leamington, Stratford-on-Avon, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Douglas (Isle of Man), Llandudno, Cheltenham, Cardiff, Swansea, Waterford, Cork, Killarney, Belfast, and many other places in the West of England and Weymouth Districts, the Midland Counties, North and South Wales, and Ireland. On Saturday night, May 30, excursion tickets will be issued to Guernsey and Jersey. Cheap tickets are issued daily from London and many suburban stations to the riverside resorts, and cheap week-end tickets will be issued to various stations on the line.

WHITSUNTIDE ON THE CONTINENT.

Cheap tickets available for eight days will be issued to Brussels from to-day (May 27) to the 30th, inclusive, and June 1, via Harwich and Antwerp. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning, after a comfortable night's rest on board the steamer. For visiting The Hague, Amsterdam, Utrecht, and other parts of Holland, the Rhine, North and South Germany, and Bale for Switzerland, special facilities are offered via the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal British Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route, through carriages being run to Amsterdam and Berlin, Cologne and Bale. Restaurant-cars are run on the North and South German express-trains. The General Steam Navigation Company's fast passenger-steamers will leave Harwich to-day and Saturday for Hamburg, returning May 31 and June 3.

A reference was made in our last issue to the case of Herr Schlamp, who doctored his Niersteiner. It is scarcely necessary to state that Herr Heinrich Schlamp, the wine-grower of Nierstein, who, through his London agent, Mr. Theodor Schlamp, does a large trade in this country, has no connection whatever with his notorious namesake.

Miss Maude Valerie White gave a concert at the St. James's Hall, under the patronage of the Princess of Wales, a few days ago, and which had the support of a large and enthusiastic audience. Miss White is a song-writer of considerable talent and ranks as one of the most popular composers of the modern ballad. Mr. Theodore Bayard sang "How do I Love Thee" and "Si j'étais Dieu" quite charmingly, proving himself the possessor of an extremely pleasing voice and a fine method of production. To Lady Maud Warrender must be given an especial word of praise; she has a beautiful contralto voice and sang "A Farewell Song" and "To Electra" admirably. Mr. John Harrison sang "To Mary" with success, and the concert may be described, on the whole, as being exceedingly interesting.

On Wednesday evening last, a very excellent performance of "Rigoletto" was given at Covent Garden, at which Madame Suzanne Adams and Signor Scotti scored a considerable success. Madame Adams sang most beautifully, the purity of her voice and its persuasiveness making a highly artistic performance. Signor Scotti's singing was also remarkably good; but we cannot think that he realised the part completely in its many-sided pathos. Signor Bonci, in the part of the Duke, also gave a most finished performance, his singing of the famous air, "La Donna e Mobile," thoroughly meriting the tremendous applause which it received. M. Gilibert in the part of Monterone and M. Journet as Sparafucile both sang well. The orchestra under Signor Mancinelli played extremely well.

It has for long been a matter of astonishment to American, Colonial, and Continental visitors that London, the real "hub" of the world, should have been so backward in adopting the system of electric tramways. Now that the first of the lines, that running to Tooting, has had such a triumphant success, the opening of the other routes is eagerly awaited. It is pleasant to the patriotic Briton to reflect that in the making of the roads practically everything is of British manufacture. The whole of the conduits and ploughs of the London County Council's new tramways have been and are being constructed by Messrs. J. G. White and Co., the eminent electric-railway contractors, of College Hill, E.C.

Improved Continental Services.—By a new express service, passengers travelling by the Harwich-Hook of Holland Royal British Mail Route now arrive at Berlin much earlier than hitherto. Leaving London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m., Berlin is reached at 6.43 next evening. Corridor-carriages and restaurant-cars run between the Hook of Holland and Berlin. By this new service communications with other North German towns, with Saxony, Austria, Russia, and Sweden, have been much improved and accelerated. Passengers from the Northern and Midland counties of England leaving in the afternoon can travel direct to Harwich and the steamers, thus saving the trouble and expense of crossing London. A dining-car and through corridor-carriages run between York and Harwich, also through carriages to and from Manchester and Liverpool.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 9.

THE BANK RATE AND OTHER MATTERS.

THE long-delayed reduction of the Bank Rate has, to some extent, brightened the investment market, but whether it is merely a flash in the pan or something more only time will show. The improvement has been pretty general, even in Americans, than which there is no more dangerous market at present. For insiders to "job" in and out may be all right; in fact, the position is one in which a careful man on the spot, with judgment, can certainly make money by taking quick and small profits; but, for the public, we do not look on the Yankee Market as much better than a flat-trap.

Many of our readers are, as we know, interested in Sons of Gwalia, and we are in a position to state that the meeting will be held during the second week of June, and that probably a dividend of 2s. a-share will be declared. The mine is making net profits of between six and seven thousand a-month, so that, before the end of the year, the total distribution should be 4s. in all, provided, of course, that the present output and reserves can be maintained or increased.

Another Company as to which we have had inquiries from correspondents, and in which a fairly large public is interested, is the United States Brewing Company. If our information should prove to be correct—as we have every reason to believe—a proposition of some importance will shortly be placed before the shareholders. The nature of the proposals we are unable to state, because the information was given under a pledge of secrecy, but this, at least, we may say with confidence, that the Ordinary shares at 3 or 3½, and the Pref. at anything below 8, should be bought as pretty certain to yield a reasonable turn to holders. Mr. Murray Ind is in New York discussing matters with the American shareholders, and it is hoped the meeting may be held upon his return, when the nature and particulars of the proposed deal can be placed before the proprietors.

OUR ILLUSTRATION.

We are indebted to the West African Gold Concessions, Limited, for the photograph we reproduce this week. This Company, which has obtained exclusive prospecting rights over more than half the Republic of Liberia, has been enabled to make an arrangement with the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa which secures the co-operation of that powerful Company in the enterprise, and makes it certain that the funds necessary to properly test part at least of the vast area which by the charter is confided to its care, will be provided. Chartered Companies, whether in Rhodesia, Borneo, or West Africa, are, during their infancy, more or less in the nature of speculative ventures, in which one can lose the money put out, or increase it manyfold; but, admitting this, for the man who can afford a risk, we confess the Liberian Charter appears to us to offer a better chance of big profit than any other at present upon the market. We hope to give some few particulars next week to justify this statement.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"I don't quite know what to do," observed The Merchant, meditatively.

"What's the trouble?" asked The Broker, scenting business.

"Shall I back Rock Sand for the Derby or shall I buy a hundred Atch. for a dollar profit?"

"Do both," put in The Jobber, promptly. "Do both."

"Don't take the living out of a poor man's mouth," rebuked him The Broker. "He might buy two hundred Atchisons, and not back Rock Sand."

"No, I should confine myself to a hundred Yankees, anyway," returned the speculator, smiling.

"I think Americans must come down further before they've finished their fall," The Engineer observed. "The position in New York isn't at all a nice one. What do you think, sir?"

The Banker, finding himself addressed, emerged from behind the *Times*.

"Personally, I rarely venture any dealings in American Railroad shares," he began, "but my views—and yet I don't know."

"Don't know what?"

"I was considering whether the prosperity of the United States were not, perhaps, at its flood, and a reaction probable which would exert great influence over the traffic receipts of the lines."

"Agreed," said The Broker, pusillanimously.

"Who pulled your string, Brokie?" demanded The Jobber. "Your opinion was not asked."

"I do not consider we shall see American Railroad quotations advanced again until what our cousins call the Fall," went on The Banker, peacefully.

"Then I'd better wait for my Atch. and put my money on Rock Sand," laughed The Merchant, merrily.

"Speculators should always remember one important point," sententiously said The Broker, "and that is that they rarely get in at the extreme top any more than they sell at the extreme bottom."

"Which, being interpreted, means—?"

"That if only you will have the patience to stick either to your bull or your bear you are almost bound to come out on the right side in the long run."

"Instead of which, we get tired of our shares, sell them, and curse—well, anything," was The Engineer's comment. "Josh Billings wasn't far out, after all."

"In what way?" asked The Carriage.

"Oh, wasn't it he who said that when a man runs his head against a post, he cusses the post first, all Kreashun next, and something else last, and never thinks of cussing himself?"

The Carriage nodded its head. "There's something in that," it said.

"Tell us another," insinuated The Jobber.

"Another what?" asked The Engineer, looking pleased.

"Chestnut!" returned The Jobber, dodging the thrown match. "I'm collecting chestnuts."

"He's got nothing else to do," said The Broker, with scorn.

"Quite true. I'm thinking of emigration to the West-African Market unless things wake up with us pretty shortly."

"Why the West-African?" inquired The Merchant.

"I rather have an idea that business is coming there," was the reply. "And some of their shares are certainly cheap. Look at Blocks," and he pointed vaguely in the direction of The Broker's head.

"Northern Blocks, you mean?" The City Editor assumed.

"Of course! They—the shares, that is—are ridiculously cheap. So are Oroya-Brownhill and Lake Views."

"There's no spring in them at present," objected The City Editor.

"My dear sir, I'm not going to manufacture copy for you on the cheap, but all I can tell you is that they are going better. Give me six pounds five, that's all I ask, and you shall have my reasons *ad nauseam*."

The Banker was discussing the Bank Rate with the Broker.

"We shall soon see the Bank reduce it to 3 per cent," said the old gentleman. "But they could not do it too quickly. That would have been a mistake—a great mistake."

"Then Consols ought to be worth buying if the Rate's coming down to 3 per cent," volunteered The Broker.

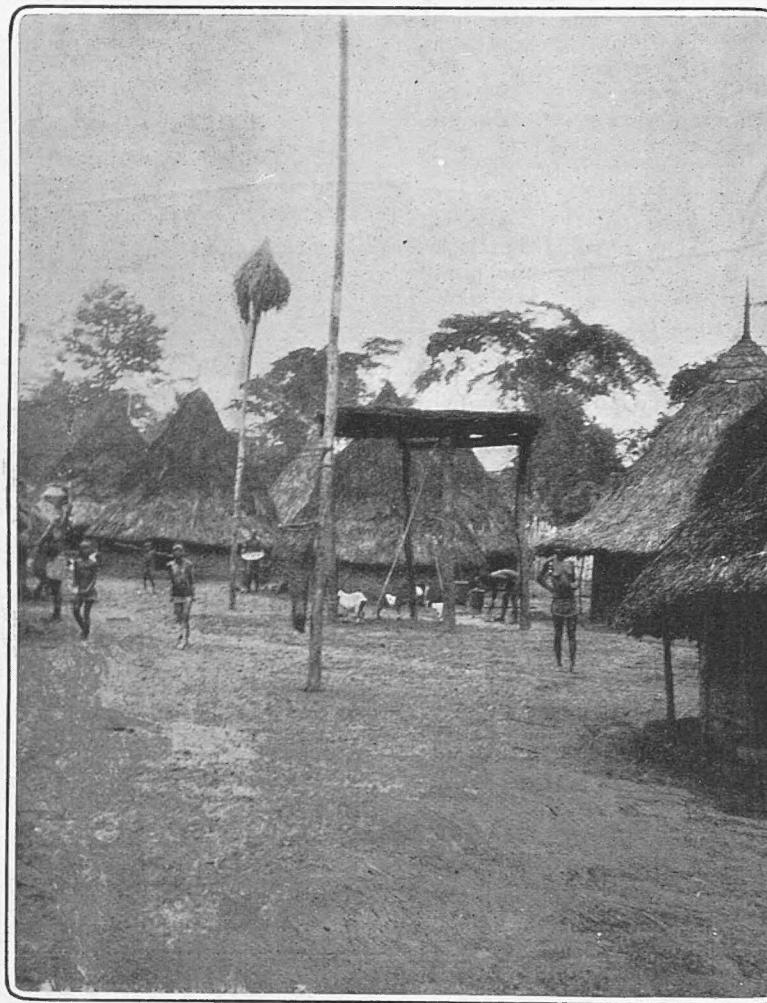
"Very probably you are correct."

"But you don't think so?"

"My own plan would be rather to sell Consols and re-invest the money in the Transvaal Loan," The Banker explained. "But I am very likely wrong in my estimation of the future. I cannot see—"

"That's because you dropped your glasses, sir," said The Jobber, as he stooped to pick them up. "It's lucky Brokie's feet were wandering about the other end of the carriage."

"Many thanks," returned The Banker, adjusting the spectacles. "I was about to remark that I cannot see the object in purchasing Consols



NATIVE VILLAGE IN THE INTERIOR OF LIBERIA.

when the Transvaal Loan, allowing for discount, remains in the neighbourhood of par."

"It certainly looks a good exchange," observed The Jobber, lighting another cigar.

"Get out! You know nothing about it!" exclaimed The Broker.

"*You needn't talk!* 'Thy aunt hadn't a nose in her family for seven generations!'" The Jobber retorted, Kim-quoting.

"I've half a mind to go a bear of Goschens and a bull of the new Loan." The Engineer spoke thoughtfully, and The Broker pencilled an order in five of each on his cuff.

"Nobody's said a word about Kaffirs!" The Jobber cried, disconsolately. "All our morning talk wasted and our labour is in vain!"

"Kaffir labour seems to be. It's a regular Chinese puzzle!"

"Thanks! After that, I get out," and The Jobber suited his action to the word.

KAFFIR CONSIDERATIONS.

Considerable caution is displayed in the Kaffir Circus itself as to what is to be the early future of that interesting market. The dealers hesitate to express any decided views, although the wildest theories are afloat concerning what may happen in any given eventuality—such, for instance, as the anticipated importation of alien labour. In one quarter it is gravely declared that such a departure from the emphatic wish of the Johannesburg community would cause nothing short of a civil war—a war with swords and guns, and not with words—between the populace and the magnates. Another section demand why the aliens who now flock to our shores cannot be diverted to the Transvaal as labourers for the mines—a fantastic idea in all good sooth. But we are bound to confess a fear that the risky experiment will be made sooner or later; our eyes are open to the lever which the present market inactivity places in the hands of those who have the power to wield it with all severity upon others whose very existence is bound up with the mining industry. Of course, the question is a purely local one, because to holders of Kaffirs over here the kind of labour employed is a matter of very little moment, and what they want is a return on their money and a rising market. The little rise of the past week or ten days shows conclusively that the force of revival still becomes active in Kaffirs directly a few purchases are applied to the bear-garden, and we should be sorry indeed to see real holders turning out their shares in disgust just now. Anglo-French remain a great favourite of ours, and Langlaagte Estate ought to be worth ten shillings a share more than their current price.

BRAZILIAN INVESTMENTS.

It may be expected that the new Brazilian Bonds will suffer very much after the manner of the 1902 issue of Japanese Fives. That is to say, the stock is likely to be depressed for several months until it is firmly rooted in the strong-boxes of real investors. At their present price the Bonds look a good and cheap investment, but the unfortunate doubt which was cast upon the character of the security must leave a lurking, albeit unjustifiable, suspicion in the minds of the public. We should not be at all surprised to see the quotation fall to a discount of two or three per cent. at any rate, and probably the intending buyers will be able to get in at a cheaper price later on than they would have done had they been allotted the Bonds upon subscription.

A Brazilian investment which deserves attention is somewhat overlooked, in the shape of Rio de Janeiro City Improvements shares. Possibly the fact that these shares—"Rio Imps." as the market colloquially calls them—are of the denomination of £25 detracts from their popularity, but, at the present price of a fraction over par, they pay nearly 6½ per cent. upon money invested, and they have very good prospects of advancing in value. The Company is doing well: it has turned the corner which at one time threatened to overthrow Brazilian things generally, and there is always a good future before a well-managed undertaking which carries out the practical, solid part of municipal domesticities in a large city.

Saturday, May 23, 1903.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

T. M.—The Company is, as Rhodesians go, a good one, but the War and the labour problem have made even the best of them very uncomfortable. If there is good gold in Rhodesia, this Company must, from its very large holdings, have a big finger in the pie.

ANGEL.—(1) Probably will never be any good. (2) We think you should support the reconstruction scheme, as we stated in our Notes when it was circulated. (3) Gas Light and Coke or Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway Ordinary would be suitable.

E. B.—The name and address of the brokers have been sent to you. If you give them enough security for any differences likely to become payable by you, they will carry over or even take up the stock for you, no doubt.

NOTE.—We regret that in our issue of April 8 last we gave an illustration of the Hôtel Métropole, Sekondi, West Africa, under the title of "Government House, Tarkwa, West Africa." The photograph was lent us by a well-known West African Company and we merely reproduced the title as supplied with the picture. From the nature of the building, it seems that hotel arrangements on the Coast are getting almost as luxurious as in London.

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